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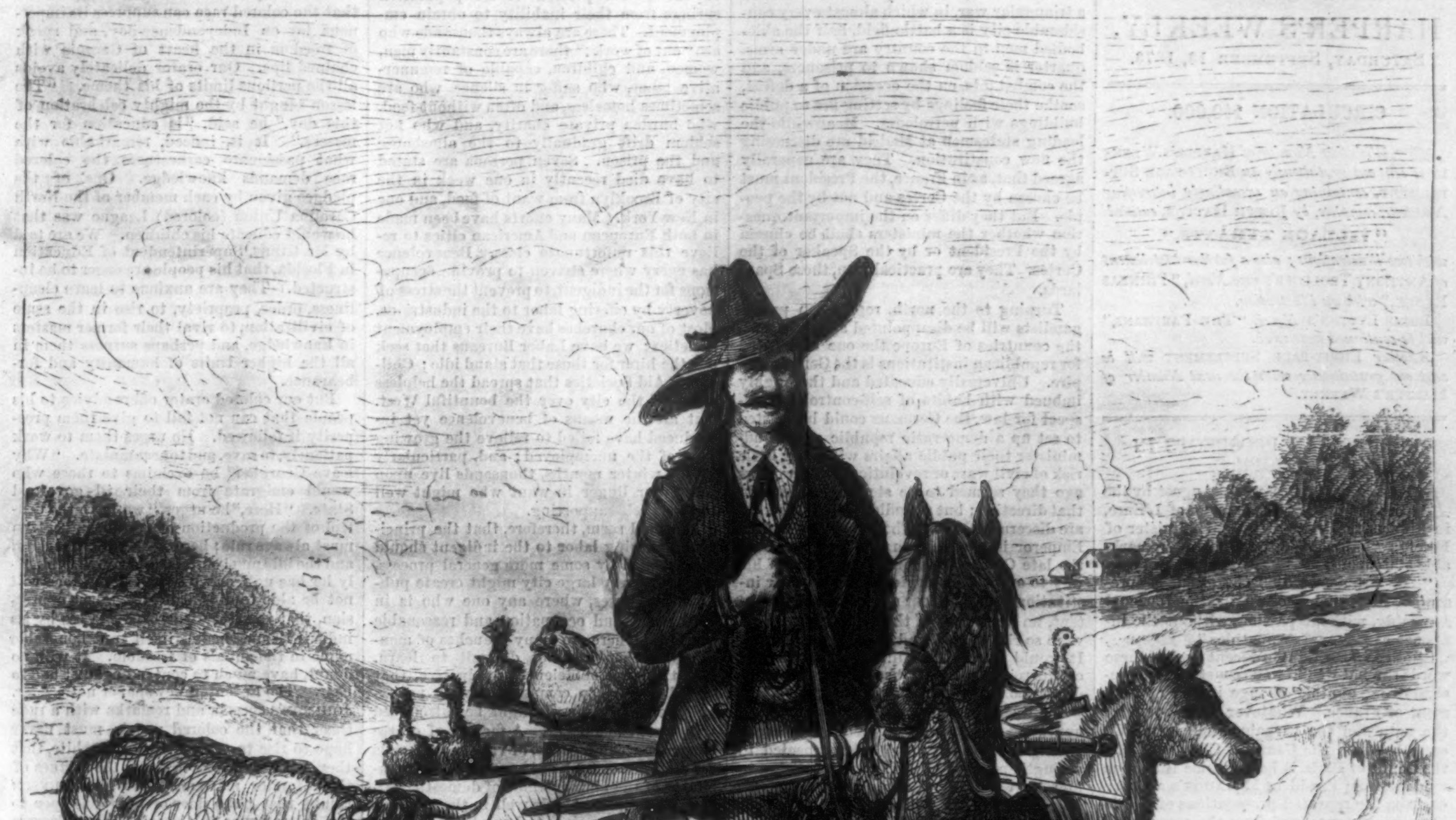

RETURN OF OUR ARTIST WITH HIS SUMMER SKETCHES.—[Drawn by F. S. Church.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

CIRCULATION 140,000.

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REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS IN EUROPE.

AT a banquet given on 23d August by the Prefect of the Department of L'Eure, in France, the Duke of Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the following remarkable statement:

> "The problem which the situation presents will soon be solved by the National Assembly, without passion, without the influence of personal sympathies."

Studied in the light of recent events, these words can hardly fail to be construed as foreshadowing another change in the government of France. Whatever may have been the nature of the bargain concluded at Vienna between the Count of Chambord and the Count of Paris, it has for some time been evident, from President M'MAHON'S addresses, from the repeated prosecutions of republican newspapers, and from the recent alliance between the government and the clerical party, that a restoration of monarchy in some shape or other was desired by the authorities at Versailles, and that the chiefs of the republic were only waiting for the evacuation of the national territory by the Prussians to try to carry their projects into effect. The Foreign Minister now seems to have thrown off the mask. Under the pretense of crushing "those loose principles which threaten to put an end to social order," he and his colleagues are whetting the knife with which, in November next, they propose to stab the young French republic to the heart. Nor is there any where in France a party which can successfully oppose them. M. GAMBETTA may talk as he pleases about "the peasantry rising to overwhelm the rhetoricians of the Assembly;" but he knows perfectly well that outside of the great cities the priest is master of the situation. It is not for nothing that the clergy have revived religious pilgrimages and contrived a miracle of Lourdes. They have not been inattentive observers of the events of the past twenty years in Belgium, where, by a series of masterly manœuvres, the priest party has succeeded in regaining its old supremacy, and now controls the state as completely as it does in the Province of Quebec. Eager to follow the example, and to take advantage of the reaction from national skepticism which Monseigneur DUPANLOUP so confidently predicted, the clerical party in France have joined hands with the monarchists. M'MAHON'S Minister of War refuses to allow the troops to attend the funeral of a statesman without religion, and the clergy repay the compliment by leading the peasantry *en masse* to the support of the government candidates. In the face of such an alliance M. GAMBETTA'S "hosts of genuine republicans" will prove as mythical as his "victorious legions" during the war.

If we cross the Pyrenees, the scene is even less cheering to admirers of republican institutions. It is difficult to understand the politics and internal strifes of Spain, but at latest accounts the situation was about as follows: President SALMERON was bombarding Seville. The rebels (Communists) were bombarding Almeria. The government troops had taken Cadiz and Granada. Salamanca and Valencia, held by Communists, had repelled the attacks of the government. Admiral LOBOS (republican) bombarded Cartagena on August 22. General CONTRERAS (rebel) tried to bombard Malaga, but was taken prisoner by the German frigate *Friedrich Karl*. At Barcelona the artillery (republican) were fighting with the cavalry (also republican). In the north Don CARLOS had some 15,000 men on foot, and threatened to march on Madrid. To oppose him, President SALMERON had sent an army north, which was ravaging Biscay. Berga was besieged by the Carlists. One-half the navy was in rebellion, and the rebel ships having been denounced as pirates by the Madrid government, four squadrons of foreign men-of-war were chasing them up and down the Spanish coast. In other words, Spain is the scene of a triangular war, in which almost every considerable city is a battle-field, half the able-bodied men in the country are under arms, quarter is seldom shown to prisoners, and the combatants, on the occasion of a defeat, soothe their feelings by setting fire to public buildings with petroleum. Meanwhile the leading statesmen at Madrid are discussing the new constitution. They are generally agreed that, as in France, the President must be chosen by the Cortes and not by the people. But they differ on the important question whether the ministers shall be chosen by the President or by the Speaker of the Cortes. They are practical men, these Spaniards.

Turning to the north, republican propagandists will be disappointed again. Of all the countries of Europe the one best fitted for republican institutions is the German empire. Universally educated and thoroughly imbued with habits of self-control and respect for law, the Germans could be trusted to set up a democratic republic and to administer their public affairs with very little risk of civil wars or revolutions. A few years ago they seemed to be steadily drifting in that direction; but no indications of the kind are discernible now. The government of the Emperor is more autocratic than ever, and the late Chancellor seemed to go out of his way to express his contempt for popular institutions; yet we hear not a word of discontent, no muttering of the aspirations which were so rife in 1848, and 1865 before Sadowa. It would seem that military successes and commercial prosperity have for the moment driven politics out of the German mind.

In England the republican movement appears to have been injured by an event which might fairly have been expected to strengthen it. Judging from this distance, and by the light of our standards, it was outrageous to ask the heavily taxed people of England for $75,000 a year—in addition to $50,000 already granted—for the support of the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion of his marriage with the only daughter of the Czar. If the Queen had not been wealthy from her private property, or if her son had been going to marry a poor man's daughter, there might have been some excuse for the appeal. But under the circumstances—and especially so soon after the undignified controversy between her Majesty and the laborers on her Osborne estate about wages—it does seem to us on this side of the ocean to have been an extraordinary proceeding, and one which recalls some curious paragraphs in Queen VICTORIA'S diary. But no one worth mentioning dared oppose the grant in Parliament. Moved by the Prime Minister, it was seconded by the leader of the opposition, and carried with only twelve votes in the negative. There have been a few popular meetings to protest, but they have proved failures. Instead of helping the republican party, the occurrence appears to have developed less popular strength in DILKE and BRADLAUGH than they possessed a few years ago. Mr. GLADSTONE touched the right chord in the British heart when he denounced opposition to the grant as "mean." Your English republican is ready to abuse his Queen and declaim against monarchy, but when it comes to a question of a few pounds more or less, he would rather be false to his party than be charged with meanness.

Take Europe altogether, and it can not be denied that republican prospects are darker than they have been for many a year. Half a century ago NAPOLEON predicted that all Europe would in fifty years be republican or Cossack. It does not look much like it now. It seems more probable that by next year both France and Spain will again be monarchies, and that Switzerland will once more be the sole European republic. How much of the decline in European republicanism is due to the disgust created by the doings of the Paris Commune it is not easy to determine. As the Reign of Terror was the progenitor of the Holy Alliance, so the folly and wickedness of the Commune were sure to beget a reaction against popular institutions. Opinion moves, moreover, in waves and eddies. The rise of the republican tide in France and Spain was naturally followed by an ebb, especially as the form of the government has in both countries been held responsible for accidents over which it had no control, and which might have occurred under any other system. It is unfortunate that the first republican experiments in Europe should have been made by uneducated peoples, unaccustomed to local self-government. To establish a republic in a country devoid of communal institutions and common schools must always be difficult. If republicanism is ever to overspread Europe, it will probably be under the lead of either Germany or England.

PUBLIC WORK-HOUSES.

IN every large city much of the suffering of the poorer portion of its population springs from their inability to obtain employment. There are always thousands who are "out of work;" there are constantly men, women, and children, capable of remunerative labor, who suffer in silence, who are sometimes homeless, and often without food, who burden private charity, and who not seldom drift gradually to the almshouse and the prison. Seven persons are stated to have died recently in one week in the city of Brooklyn from want of food, and one in New York. Many efforts have been made in both European and American cities to relieve this unfortunate class. Benevolence has every where striven to provide occupations for the indigent, to prevent the stress of poverty by offering labor to the industrious. Most of our churches have their employment societies; we have Labor Bureaus that seek out the hirer for those that stand idle; Children's Aid Societies that spread the helpless waifs of the city over the bountiful West. But all the means of benevolence yet introduced have failed to relieve the growing host of the unemployed; and, particularly in the winter months, thousands live upon charity or linger in want who might well be made self-supporting.

It would seem, therefore, that the principle of offering labor to the indigent should be extended by some more general process, and that every large city might create public work-houses, where any one who is in need could find occupation and reasonable comfort. There are many branches of manufacture that are not difficult to learn, and that are sufficiently productive, that would come into competition with no existing industries, and might be introduced with profit among us. A factory of coarse cotton or woolen goods, of various materials for clothing or food, of iron or wooden utensils, or of the plainer kinds of domestic articles, would probably do well in the crowded quarters of our city, and might be carried on by casual or regular labor. Every person who desired employment might here find it, and receive in return food, lodging, and clothing. In connection with the factory, lodging-houses should be provided, and whoever was willing to work should be relieved from homeless destitution.

That such establishments would gradually become self-supporting, and would be no loss to their founders, must follow from the cheapness of their labor and the ready sale of low-priced goods. At least the plan might be tested. We are confident that such a system, whether supported by private enterprise or the public aid, would tend to reduce greatly the various burdens of the community, would check the spread of crime and pauperism, and save for the people a large portion of the money they are now forced to waste on the idle or the vicious. A work-house or a factory for the poor would prove far less costly than an almshouse or a prison. A neat and comfortable lodging-house for its laborers might be made to teach order, good morals, and the principle of accumulation to large numbers of our city population who now wander thieving and begging through the streets, who are trained up to vice, and are certain to disturb the peace and well-being of the community. And if every town and village had its public factory and its public lodging-house, it would find that the profit would far exceed the outlay.

The argument may be urged against our project that it is an interference with the natural distribution of labor, that it would create an artificial demand. But the same argument will apply to every private employment society. We are only offering a remedy to a state of things that exists in all large or small communities, and that results from the artificial accumulation of too many idle hands. It would, at least, be well to apply the plan in some crowded quarter of our city, and carefully observe its effect. The most rational form of benevolence seems to us that which encourages industry, and which requires some return in labor for the benefits it bestows. And we commend the idea to the consideration of our Commissioners of Charities and Correction, who of all others are most familiar with the costly results of idleness and vice, and who may feel desirous of stopping the sources from whence comes the larger part of the inmates of their overcrowded institutions.

A COLORED ORATOR.

AT Eatonton, Georgia, on the last Fourth of July, a colored clergyman, the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, was permitted to address the "Canaan Union School" of his countrymen. He felt perhaps that they had nearly reached the land of refuge out of the house of bondage, yet his eloquence was evidently tempered by the fear of the Ku-Klux and the hatred of the dominant power. But his address was one of the most sensible of the Fourth-of-July orations. It must, indeed, be with only the most rigid self-restraint that the colored race can suppress its impetuous joy on Independence-day, and speak of freedom in the heart of Georgia with chained lips. Our orator delicately avoids all the perilous limits of his theme. "The lesson taught by the mighty celebration of this day," he said, "is education for the masses." It is, indeed, remarkable with what passionate earnestness the colored race demands knowledge. One of the pledges given by each member of the North Carolina Union (colored) League was that he would educate his children. We are told by Mr. GIBBS, Superintendent of Education in Florida, that his people are eager to be instructed. They are anxious to learn cleanliness, order, propriety, to rise in the scale of civilization, to rival their former masters in knowledge, and perhaps surpass them in all the higher traits of humanity and forbearance.

But our colored orator offers advice to his people that can not fail to give them prosperity if followed. He urges them to work patiently, to save, and to accumulate. "Why leave Georgia?" he exclaims to those who would emigrate from their ill-governed State. "Here," he urges, "we have the control of the production of cotton, and cotton must always rule; here work will be master, and the idle must sink into decay." Evidently he has no fear that the colored race will not be able to defend itself against oppression, that it will not deserve success by its industry, and make itself an honorable name in the annals of freedom. It will, no doubt, have much to contend against and to bear. The Eatonton newspaper notices Mr. JOHNSON'S speech, and remarks with a rude sneer that the colored people must never hope to rise to a level with the white, that they can never look to equal the virtues of their former masters. But Mr. JOHNSON thinks that "the door of liberty is open to the colored race in Georgia;" that Georgia will always be the centre of the cotton trade; that they are gradually becoming land-holders or tenants of land; and that, with patience, temperance, and education, they will need no better home than they can find in their native State.

There seems, indeed, no foundation for the notion that the two races can not live together in the fertile South and share in its productiveness. The colored people profess and have shown already a sincere resolution to forget the sorrows of the past, and to labor faithfully for the planter wherever they are honestly paid and kindly treated. We believe a better feeling is rising up toward them among the whites, and that the Southern merchants and farmers are anxious to eradicate those murderous associations that have so long disturbed the peace of society, and brought ruin upon all their material interests. They should at once unite to preserve good order. Georgia, which has inflicted the worst outrages upon the colored people, should now take the lead in insuring them all their civil rights and the prosperity which they have so well deserved. The moment it does so the war of races will cease. It is not likely that the colored people will aspire to political power, or to any larger share of it than their own safety and progress demand. If treated with justice and humanity, they will probably prefer to be ruled by white men who are their friends, and who are the supporters of union and of peace. They will require Republican leaders, and must not be expected to respect or to obey those whom they can not trust. The persecutors, the bigoted, and the cruel will be driven from office, but with Republican rulers who are worthy of confidence and sincerely anxious to promote the welfare of both races, the Southern States may easily rise to extraordinary prosperity, and attract a limitless stream of wealth, of trade, of immigration and capital, of refinement and progress, to their abundant territory.

A deputation of distinguished colored men, political leaders and private citizens, from Louisiana, are about to relate to the people the history of the recent disorders in that State. It is a fortunate circumstance. The colored race has never yet been permitted to tell its wrongs. We fear their narrative will not lessen the catalogue of Democratic cruelties and crimes in Louisiana, but it will no doubt prove of singular interest.

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION.

We think there can be no doubt that the agitation for higher wages and better treatment among the English agricultural laborers must lead to a continual flow of the English population toward our own country, a demand for new means of transportation, and the rapid settlement of the vacant lands of the West. The visit of Mr. Arch, who is one of the leaders of the agricultural unions, to our shores is of infinitely more importance than that of duke, prince, or shah. English immigration is already large: it must increase with the spread of knowledge and of a feeling of independence among the laboring class. At home the English farm-laborer can look forward only to hard and hopeless toil. His wages are seldom equal to three dollars a week. The Queen's laborers at Osborne—who are thought to be highly paid—get, it seems, only fourteen English shillings weekly, and from this must pay two shillings rent. They complain that they have before them no hope of rescue from their poverty except the almshouse or emigration. It is not likely that the majority of the English agricultural laborers are as well off as those employed at Osborne. It is certain that as a class they are plunged in want and abandoned to vice. Ignorant and unnoticed, many of them waste their miserable earnings at the tavern, and leave their families in a condition of destitution and degradation that Mr. Kay represents as appalling.

Neglected by the church, the state, the ruling class, they have yet been touched by the impulse of progress. They have learned that in our Western States they can get as much for one day's labor as they are paid at home for a week; that they can soon save money enough to buy a farm; that the common schools are open to their children; that here they can soon rise to a position of independence and of perfect freedom. The agricultural unions are already spreading a knowledge of the wide opening for labor in our Western States, and it is probable that the unoccupied lands of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and of the new territory opened up by the Northern Pacific Railway, will in future attract a large proportion of English emigration. On this wide and fertile region there is room for millions. The climate is healthful, although severe, but it softens as it approaches the Pacific. It is destined to be the granary of the continent. Its abundant harvests already supply the chief part of our food, and every laborer who enters the fertile domain adds to the wealth of the country, and becomes its benefactor.

To spread a more perfect knowledge of the advantages of emigration among the English agricultural class should be the chief aim of our railway officials and of those who have charge of the sale of the public lands. We believe there is a paper printed in London called the *Free West*, which is devoted to this object, which gives information to the emigrant, and indicates the attractions and advantages of various parts of our country, and Mr. Arch publishes a similar journal. Both deserve to receive a liberal support. Possibly the local papers in the different shires may be used for the same purpose. We can not, indeed, be too active in so excellent an aim as that of spreading the knowledge of that wide field for employment which is now so imperfectly filled, and our capitalists and philanthropists might well expend labor and money in enlarging the bounds of English emigration. The visit of Mr. Arch seems singularly opportune. England is overcrowded, and suffering from all the evils of a dense population. If its people could be told the better prospects that lie open to them in our Western States, the impulse of emigration would rise to new strength. But they have heretofore been left in extraordinary ignorance. Only a part of them have any idea of the fertility of Minnesota or Montana, and the demand for labor that prevails in the wheat fields of the West. It is only recently that English emigration has begun. We think that new efforts should be made to inform the English farmers and laborers of the prices of land, of the wages, of the mode of travel, and of the best and cheapest means of reaching the neighborhood they may select. We hope, too, that we may at last have American emigrant steamers running in connection with American railways, and that every emigrant may receive that liberal care and protection which he has so often failed to obtain in the foreign vessels. It is quite possible that the science of emigration is yet in its infancy, and that, with new appliances and aids, the three hundred thousand who now reach our shores annually may be increased to an extraordinary degree.

A BAD PRECEDENT.

The seizure of the church on Ward's Island by a single sect, which our Board of Emigration do not seem to have sufficient courage to restrain, offers a most dangerous precedent. If separate chapels are to be built for different denominations, there seems no limit to the amounts that may be expended in maintaining opposing creeds. The example of Ward's Island will be held up as a guide for all the other charitable institutions. A Jesuit priest may seize upon the chapel at Randall's Island and expel all other worshipers; the prisons and the work-houses will require their various shrines and oratories; the State will be called upon to build costly churches for its public institutions; and the thirty-five thousand dollars which the late Board of Emigration gave to its own denomination by a plain fraud will not remain the limit of future expenditure. We presume the people do not mean to suffer the money appropriated to charity to be wasted in useless building or in aiding any single sect, and that they will demand the restoration of the chapel to the public use.

The affair, indeed, is ludicrous in its open want of honesty. The imperturbability with which the Jesuit priest defends his ill-gotten gains; the sly subterfuge by which the majority of the late Commissioners first prevailed upon their colleagues to build a free chapel, and then passed a resolution giving it to the Roman Catholics; the gravity with which they produce the opinions of noted lawyers to support an act of dishonesty; the active influence with which they have suppressed or postponed the report of the new board; the petty arts by which Messrs. Lynch and Starr labor to avoid all action upon the matter until the Roman Catholics have fallen into quiet possession of their plunder; and the irresolution and want of courage of the rest of the Commissioners under the perpetration of an open theft—the theft of a church—throw an air of drollery upon the transaction that Gil Blas might have envied and Pascal enjoyed. We may imagine the cunning leer with which the triumphant priest celebrates the virtues of casuistry, and paints the spoiling of the Egyptians.

But the humor of the transaction must have an end. Our republican principles know no distinction of sect. We can permit no such dangerous precedent to exist. The Commissioners had no authority to build a sectarian chapel, and the intruders must be expelled, or at least must be made conscious that they have no exclusive right to the building. The State demands that all sects shall obey the laws, and if the Commissioners fail in their duty, the people will enforce the non-sectarian principle of our institutions.

PERSONAL.

American mechanical genius has achieved a signal triumph in England in the production of a perfecting press, for newspapers, which is acknowledged to be far in advance of any press hitherto constructed. We need scarcely say it was designed and carried to completion by Colonel Richard M. Hoe, the well-known inventor, to whom the newspapers of America are indebted for the facilities which enable them to print with ease and dispatch editions which would have been impossible but for the admirable press which bears his name. The history of the new press is briefly this: About a year ago Mr. E. Lloyd, of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, gave Colonel Richard M. Hoe, of R. Hoe & Co., who was then in England, an order for a perfecting press, to print from a continuous roll of paper. There are several presses of this description in successful operation in England and America; but Mr. Lloyd wanted something better, faster, and more complete than any thing in existence, and it is scarcely necessary to say that he has obtained it. The press was completed at the works of R. Hoe & Co., in London, and is now in successful operation in Mr. Lloyd's establishment. Although an extra large size, the paper is printed double, or 58½×56 inches, and is thrown off, printed on both sides, at the rate of 22,000 perfected sheets per hour. This press would work off 15,000 perfected copies per hour of any of our large daily papers if printed single width, and 30,000 if printed double width. This is accomplished without any strain of the machinery, the mechanical movements being of the most simple and ingenious character. The delivery of the sheet is a marvel of mechanical simplicity and success. Great care has been taken in all the movements to insure good printing at this high rate of speed. Our English friends, who have watched its progress from the start with great interest, pronounce the new press a marvelous achievement of mechanical design and workmanship. The proprietors of the London *Standard* have ordered six of these machines for that newspaper, to be delivered as soon as they can be made, and others of the London and Scotch newspaper proprietors are also in treaty for them.

—In a recent literary journal published in London we find a pleasant notice of Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, published by the Harpers. It says, "There was no necessity for any apology in publishing his poems, for they are very pretty and harmonious—easy to read, easy to sing, and pleasant to remember. Though written in the language of the people, they are not coarse; and though often humorous, by no means what we understand by comic. The opening ballads, 'Betsy and I are Out' and 'How Betsy and I made up,' are, in their way, as good as any in the range of recent poetry. Every now and then, too, we get a verse with a distinct and touching appeal to the affections, as in this:

> "'I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
> In always a-doin' the best he can;
> That whether, on the big book, a blot
> Gets over a fellow's name or not,
> Whenever he does a deed that's white,
> It's credited to him fair and right.'"

—Colonel Charles Gordon Greene, of the Boston *Post*, is a gentleman who is celebrated for the equanimity with which he endures a little repose, and who prefers personal comfort and Boston to the pinchbeck pleasures of office. The people of the republic will therefore not be surprised to learn that when Colonel Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia *All-day City Item*, and a great scribe of that city, felt himself authorized to say to Colonel Greene, "Move to Pennsylvania, and we will make you Governor of the commonwealth," Colonel Greene wagged his head in a negative manner, and replied, editorially, "Not sufficient inducement."

—Baron Reuter's concession from the Persian Shah is not without precedent, a similar grant having been made in 1861 by the King of Madagascar to M. Lambert, a Frenchman. This concession so exasperated the nobles and people of Madagascar that M. Lambert was sent out of the country and the king assassinated. Queen Rasoherina, widow of and successor to the king, was made by the French government to pay an indemnity of one million francs to those interested with the defunct Lambert.

—An extraordinary man has appeared in Italy as a lecturer—one Saltario R. Trezza, who is said to be endowed by nature with a fiery eloquence and a faculty of investing things generally with a poetic halo. A grand voice capable of every inflection necessary to the expression of every emotion, a memory worthy of Macaulay, and a range of reading supplying him with an inexhaustible fund of illustration, are the gifts that combine to make Signor Trezza a wonderful lecturer. Without note he pours forth in well-chosen words learned disquisitions on the Latin writers, and analyzes the profoundest subjects in the guise of brilliant improvisations.

—The best photographs of Tennyson, Darwin, and Carlyle ever taken are the work of a Mrs. Cameron, an amateur artist in photography living in the Isle of Wight. Her collection of portraits of notable persons, photoed by herself, is said to be remarkable.

—Mr. Hugh Murray, formerly a lieutenant in the Pontifical Zouaves, and nephew of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, Canada, has left Kingston to join the gore-starters of Don Carlos's army in Spain. We must go a-fighting somewhere.

—Personally the cabinet of Mr. Gladstone do not seem to get on very well with each other. Mr. Ward Hunt taunted Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton with being "not on speaking terms," and his taunt was left unanswered. About the year 1798 Lord William Bentinck was reviewing a regiment at Armagh, and was surprised to observe that his orders were repeated by the colonel to the sergeant-major, who gave them to the regiment. When he inquired the reason of this departure from the usual custom, he was informed by the sergeant, "Please, my lord, the colonel and the regiment's not on speaking terms."

—When Anselm Rothschild died, in 1855, leaving an estate valued at thirty millions of dollars, he evinced the generousness of his nature by bequeathing five hundred thousand dollars to continue the alms which he was in the habit of distributing every week, as well as for the distribution of wood to the poor in winter. To the fund for giving a dower to Jewish maidens, he left twenty-five thousand dollars; to the fund for the sick, as well as to the Jewish Hospital, five thousand dollars each; to the Jewish school, twenty-five thousand dollars; and sums of twelve to fifteen hundred dollars each to several Christian establishments. To the clerks who were more than twenty years in the employ of the firm he left one thousand dollars each; to the others five hundred dollars each; to the juniors from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars each, and many legacies to servants. It is said that he left to his godson, Sir Anthony Rothschild, of London, ten million dollars and an equal share with the other nephews and nieces in the residue of his estate.

—We mentioned last week that Messrs. Trevor & Colgate, opulent bankers in Wall Street, had given ninety thousand dollars to Madison University. We may add that they are the same gentlemen who built the Baptist church at Yonkers at their own expense, and who redeemed the mortgage on the White Plains Baptist Church, and presented the edifice free to the society.

—Marshal M'Mahon has given a fresh spur to the ambitious youth of France. He has always taken particular interest in scholastic studies, and has recently announced that this year all the pupils who obtain prizes of honor in special mathematics, philosophy, and rhetoric shall be invited to dine at the Presidency.

—The wealthiest man in Russia, excepting a very few of the nobility, is M. Steiglitz, merchant and banker, who retired a few years since from business, after having accumulated fifty millions of dollars. Probably there are not fifty men in the world who are worth fifty millions of dollars each. The western hemisphere has three of these, residents of New York—Astor, Vanderbilt, and Stewart.

—If any man in America understands about leather, it is Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, who, in his clear, rapid, practical way, put the American part of the Vienna Exhibition in exhibitable order after its inauspicious opening. He says that "while we Americans are boasting of our home market, and are protected by a twenty-five per cent. duty, Great Britain is floating her surplus leather product in every sea and to every port in the world open to free competition." Not long ago an order for some thousands of army shoes came to this country from Japan, and it was duplicated to England, with the understanding that the country furnishing the goods at the lowest price should command all the future trade of the Japanese in this line. The samples sent to each country were exactly alike, and when the orders had been executed both were satisfactory; but the English underbid us by three or four cents per pair, and we lose the trade. Mr. Schultz and the firm of which he is a member own some twelve or fifteen tanneries, in different parts of the country, and many thousands of acres of land on which the hemlock is grown, and if any one should be an authority on such a matter, he is.

—Prince Napoleon has a laudable desire to serve France—and himself. He has petitioned the government to restore him to his rank as general of division of the army, as every general who has held a chief command before the enemy must, from an old law of France, be retained in position until death. He commanded the Fifth Corps in Italy in 1859. The prince is now just fifty-one years old, having been born at Trieste September 9, 1822.

—General Crawford, of the United States army, has been treated with much respect by military folk in Europe during his trip abroad. He lately attended a review of Foot Guards in Hyde Park. His escort was General Sir Hastings Doyle, late Governor of Nova Scotia, who presented the general to the Prince of Wales and distinguished military men present. He has been made a visiting member of the United Service, the Junior United Service, and the Travelers' clubs. General Crawford was assistant surgeon at Fort Sumter when the first gun was fired in the rebellion, and was a participant in that, one of the liveliest bits of fighting that occurred during the whole war. After that he pocketed his lancet, took up the lance, and fought his way to a generalship. He held important commands at Antietam and Gettysburg, and is now a full colonel in the regular army.

—The late Lord Westbury, so widely known when a lawyer as Sir Richard Bethell, left property valued at about $1,500,000; but the curious thing about it is that, great lawyer as he was, he omitted to appoint executors, though he named trustees for a bequest of $10,000 a year for his eldest son, the present lord, who is probably not strictly first class, for the bequest is subject to the control of his mother and the trustees.

—Concerning Parliamentary provisions for members of the royal family, John Bright has written to the Birmingham Trades' Council, saying that he regretted other expenses much more than those toward the support of the royal family, though he believed that more moderate grants to its members would sometimes be better. The Brummagem folk were said to be disappointed.

—Thomas Corwin's grave at Newark, Ohio, is unmarked by any stone. There is too much truth about "the ingratitude of republics." Here is a man who was one of the most effective public speakers the country has produced, an able lawyer, Governor of Ohio, Representative in Congress, member of the Senate, Secretary of the Treasury, and minister to Mexico, whose resting-place will soon sink into oblivion, unless the people of the State in which he was so popular and beloved unite in giving him a suitable monument.

—William Allen, who reappears on the political arena after his retirement from the United States Senate in 1849, and is now the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, was in early life the hero of a little romance. At the beginning of the campaign of 1830, when he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, and M'Arthur, the Whig Governor, was a candidate for re-election, Allen was the lover of M'Arthur's daughter, and between them there was an engagement to be married. But it is said that after M'Arthur's defeat the Governor broke off the matrimonial engagement, and the lady married a Kentucky gentleman, who died before the expiration of Allen's term in the House. Governor M'Arthur died about the same time. At this point comes in another little romance. A gentleman who was an ultra Democrat, and a great admirer of the then rising young man, Allen G. Thurman, had a daughter, who, much to her father's chagrin, married a Whig. In making his will the old gentleman disposed of the property to his daughter in such a way that the Whig husband could not acquire title in it. This lady also became a widow; she afterward met Allen G. Thurman, and is now Mrs. Senator Thurman. It was at the wedding of Judge Thurman that Mr. Allen again met Miss M'Arthur (by this time the widow of the Kentucky gentleman). The old love was renewed; they were married, and lived happily together until the death of Mrs. Allen, which occurred before the expiration of Mr. Allen's Senatorial term. Mr. Allen has since been a widower. We may add that he is a man of notably commanding presence, of scholarly tastes and habits, and is said to have the largest and best private library of any gentleman in Ohio.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. John Todd, D.D., died on Sunday morning, August 24, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

A defalcation of $40,840 has been discovered in the National Albany Exchange Bank. The teller and his assistant have acknowledged themselves the guilty parties.

The Railway and Warehouse Commissioners of Illinois have fixed the passenger tariff on first-class railroads in that State at three cents per mile.

The United States ship *Alaska* has been ordered to proceed to Cadiz.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Señor Castelar has been elected President of the Spanish Cortes. Don Alfonso has been wounded in Aragon. The British squadron in the Mediterranean has been directed to deliver the steamers *Almanza* and *Victoria* to the Spanish republicans.

The trial of the Bank of England forgers was brought to a close August 26, and all of the accused were found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Of the 30,000 medals awarded to exhibitors at the Vienna Exposition, 400 come to Americans.

There has been an ineffective French cabinet council concerning the high price of bread, and how to allay consequent trouble.

A great storm, accompanied by a tidal wave, has driven thirty vessels ashore at Sidney, Cape Breton.

The injured Atlantic cable has been grappled, brought up, and examined on board the *Great Eastern* at the point indicated by the electricians, but the defect is found to be still further eastward.

Religious pilgrims in France have purchased 60,000 railway tickets within the past three months.

Pio, Brix, and Geleff, Internationalists of Denmark, have been sent to the penitentiary.

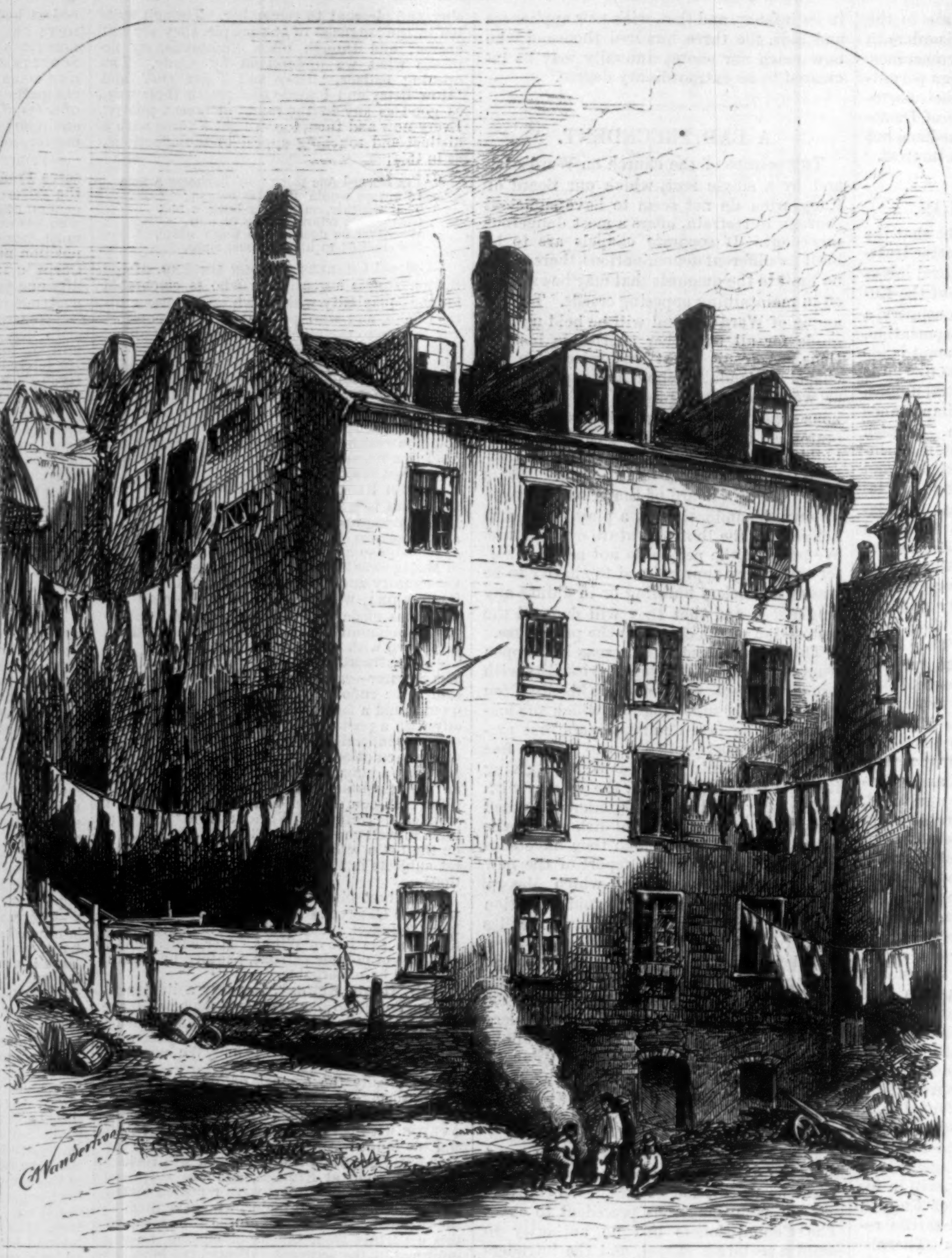
A CITY TENEMENT-HOUSE.

It is a trite saying that one-half the world don't know how the other half live. A French gentleman who traveled through England reported on his return that he had seen no poverty in that favored land. Every body was rich, or at least in comfortable circumstances. He had seen only the sunny side of society. A traveler might ride through Broadway and Fifth Avenue and receive the same impression in regard to New York. Yet a short divergence to the right or left, into some of the side streets, would bring him to scenes of squalor and distress unsurpassed in wretchedness by the dens of any of the Old World cities. Not in Rome, nor Paris, nor London can be found worse abodes of foulness and misery than the lower class of tenement-houses in New York.

The building of which we give an engraving on this page belongs to this class. It is a rear house on Mulberry Street, was formerly a church, but is now divided into five stories, with eight tenements on each floor. The ceilings are only six feet and a half high. The front building, from which it is separated by a narrow court, is six stories in height, and effectually obstructs the passage of light and air. The house is never cleaned, and the floors and walls are saturated with offensive effluvia, the accumulation of years, and the atmosphere within is rank poison. Decaying garbage and filth of every description cover the passage-ways and the court, and sickening odors and gases rise from the choked sewers, and penetrate every part of the building. On every hand are met the signs of poverty and squalor. The doors are unhinged, the windows broken, the plastering hangs in shreds, the dust and grime of years blacken the walls.

This tenement-house, when inspected a short time since by order of the Board of Health, was found to contain twenty-one families, comprising over forty adults and forty children. The tenants were of the lowest class, steeped in ignorance and degradation. At night nearly all the adults were generally drunk, and their dismal orgies were a great annoyance and terror to the neighborhood. The building has several times been condemned by the Board of Health as unsuitable for a human habitation. In December, 1871, it was vacated by order of the board, at which time it contained forty families. The following February permission was granted for twenty families to occupy it. In 1869 the mortality among the tenants was at the rate of 75 in 1000. During the twelve months ending March 1 of this year the rate was over 96 in 1000.

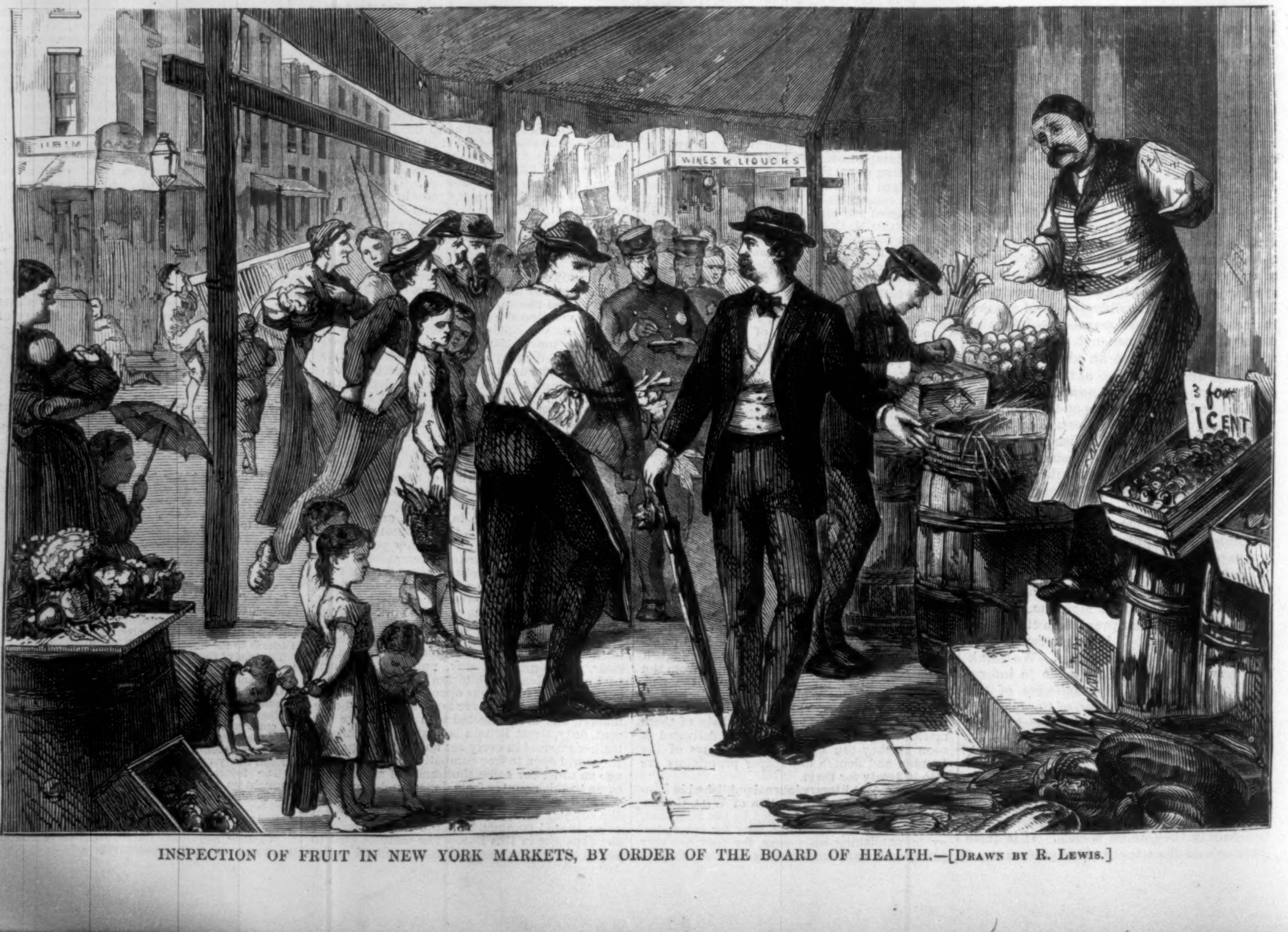
Our picture shows the external condition of this miserable tenement. It is a wooden structure, liable at any time to take fire, and from its position, and from the fact that it is unprovided with fire-escapes, such a casualty might involve a frightful loss of life. The Board of Health has ordered that it be immediately vacated, and the whole structure renovated and remodeled in accordance with plans submitted by the sanitary inspector.



A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN MULBERRY STREET.

DECAYED FRUIT.

In tearing down the filthy booths around the public markets our Board of Health has well earned the gratitude bestowed upon it by all right-minded citizens. The good effects were speedily manifested in a decrease of the death rate and a large reduction in the number of sick cases. But the good work was not yet complete. Every where about the city—in some of the markets, in the smaller groceries, and on many street stands—were cart-loads of unripe or decayed fruit, to partake of which was almost certain death. Besides, unripe apples and peaches, bruised oranges, rotten bananas and melons, and putrid fish and meats were carted about the city in the venders' wagons, exposed to the heat of the sun all day long, and then sold to those who were foolish enough to buy them. To prevent these sales of unwholesome articles of food the Board of Health has ordered a strict supervision over all the dealers, and, there is reason to believe, with the best results. Our illustration on this page represents one of the health inspectors examining the stock of a small grocer in one of the poorer quarters of the city. Crowds of curious children attend him on his tour, and now and then give rise to cheers of approval when a "scene" takes place.



INSPECTION OF FRUIT IN NEW YORK MARKETS, BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—[Drawn by R. Lewis.]

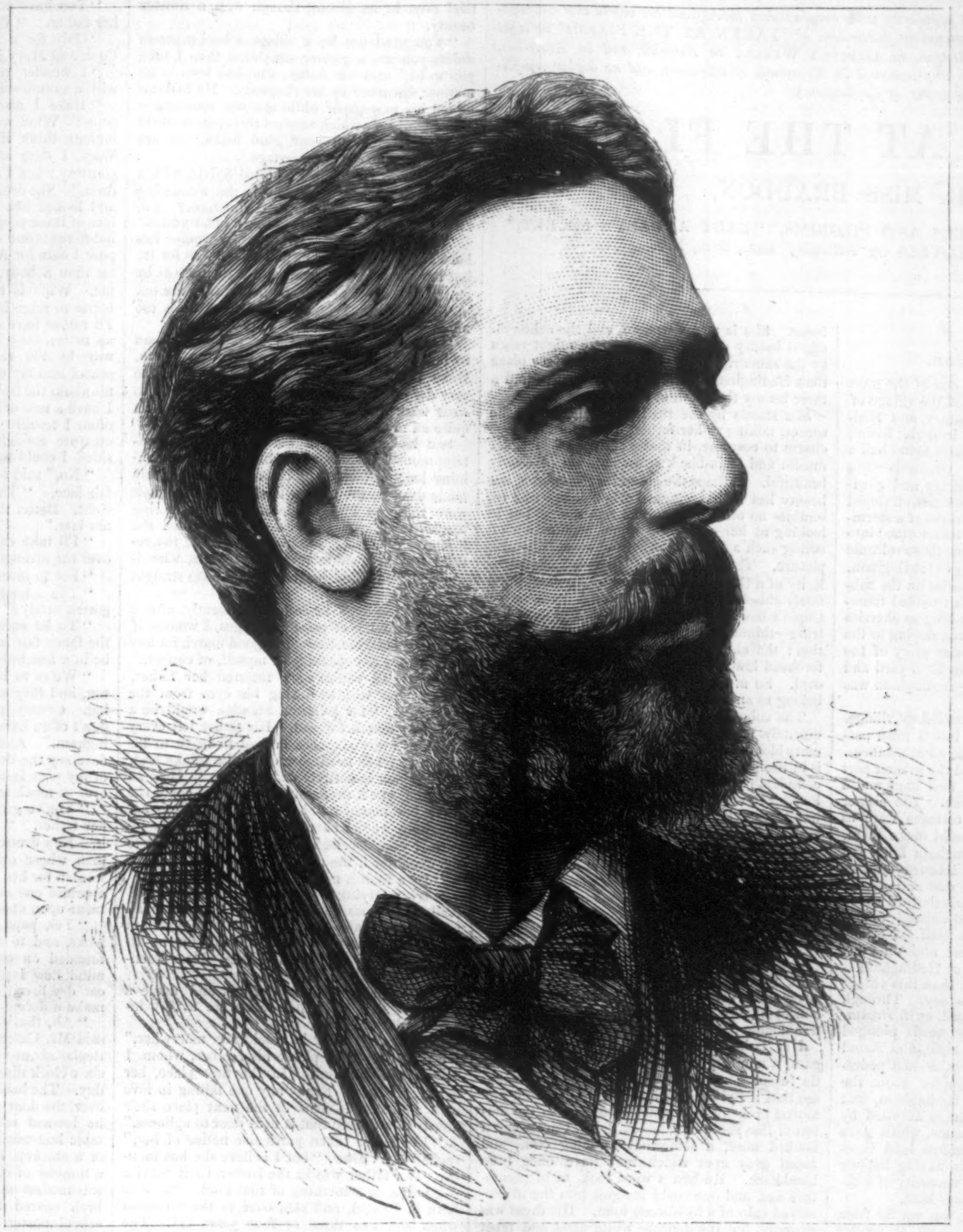
DON CARLOS.

Don Carlos, or, as his adherents style him, Charles the Seventh of Spain, has, for the second time in his life of but twenty-five years, headed an insurrection to obtain a restitution of his asserted rights to the throne of Spain. If royal lineage and "divine rights" were binding in these republican days, his claims could be easily established. Of unquestioned Bourbon descent, he can also cite in favor of his pretensions the will of Charles the Second of Spain, who died in 1700, and the Treaty of Utrecht. Dying without issue, that monarch by will bequeathed his crown to Philip the Fifth, Duke of Anjou, and grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, King of France. This will awakened the jealousies of England, by threatening to disturb that "balance of power" which has been such a costly bugbear to that nation; and to avoid the possible union of the crowns of Spain and France in the person of the same sovereign, the Twelve Years' War of the succession was undertaken, the result being a lavish expenditure of men and money, the victories of Marlborough, sieges successfully and unsuccessfully defended by Marshal Turenne, and finally the Treaty of Utrecht, ratified by all the great powers of Europe in the year 1713. This treaty confirmed the will of the Spanish king. Philip the Fifth was to occupy the throne of Spain on condition of his renouncing forever all claims to the French throne for himself, possible heirs, and successors. The sixth article of this famous treaty limited the succession to the Castilian kingdom to heirs *male;* and in the event of Philip's death without *male* heirs, the Duke of Saxony was to ascend the throne. The Parliament of France and the Cortes of Spain both gave their solemn assent to the introduction and establishment of this law.

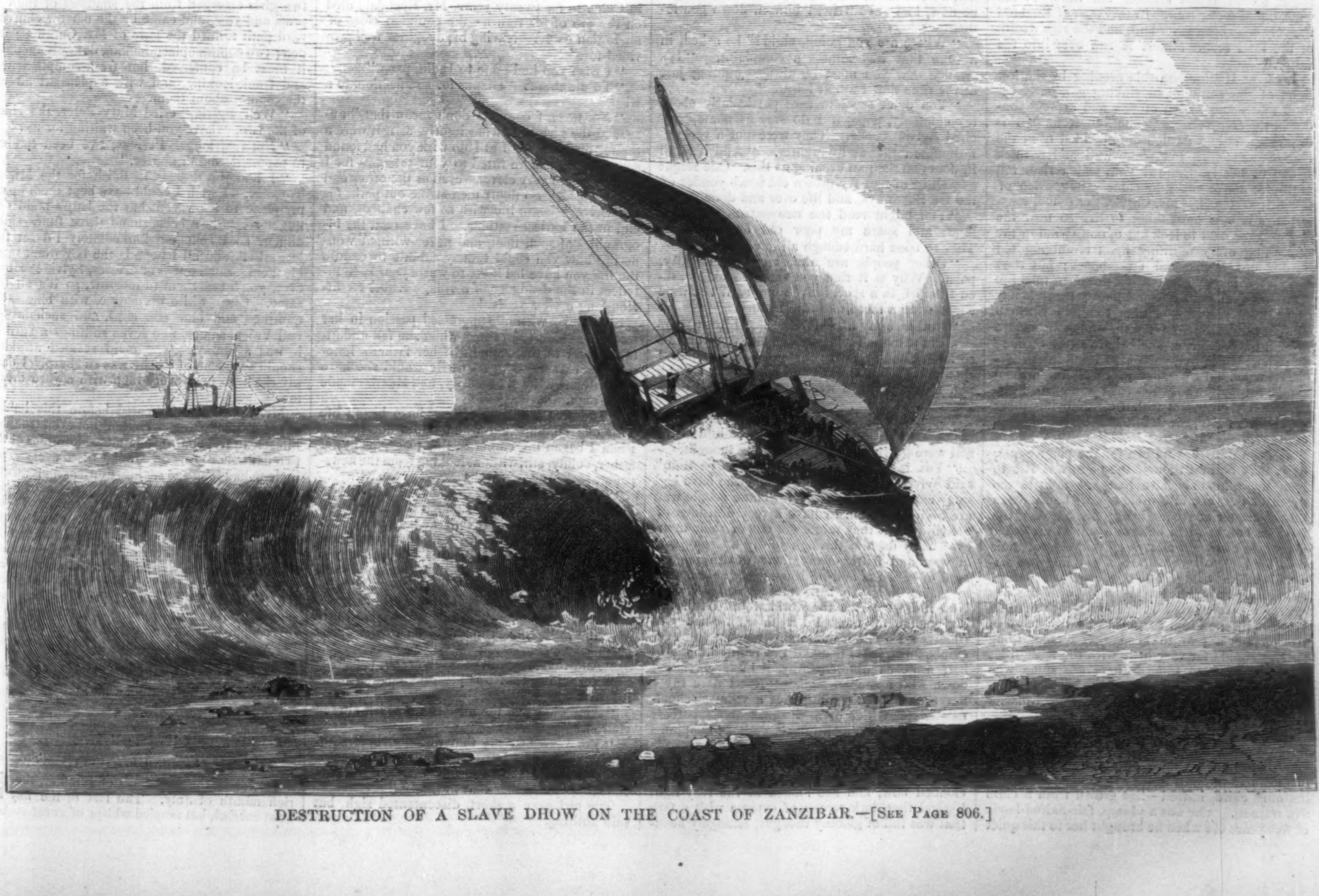
Philip the Fifth dying, the throne was filled by Ferdinand the Sixth; then followed Charles the Third, whose son, Charles the Fourth, succeeded him. In the year 1788 Charles the Fourth abdicated in favor of Ferdinand the Seventh. King Ferdinand, a weak, vacillating monarch, married for his second wife Christina, and the offspring of that match was two daughters—Isabella and Louisa Fernanda—whose mother again interrupted the Spanish succession, and scattered broadcast the seeds of civil discord and strife. In 1833 the king died, and a deed purporting to be signed by him, although strongly suspected to be a forgery, nominated his eldest daughter his successor. The followers of the ambitious Christina were bold and numerous, and Charles the Fifth, brother of the late monarch—the Don Carlos of that day—fled into Portugal to find the security denied to him in his native country, and Queen Christina reigned on the throne of Spain.

The younger brother of Ferdinand the Seventh refused to recognize the validity of the will by which the Salic law was set aside, and shortly after that monarch's death instituted that series of wars which has brought so much misery upon his unhappy country. In 1839 Don Carlos returned to France in despair, and dying in 1855, left two sons, Carlos and Juan, the former of whom, who called himself Charles the Sixth, died childless. Don Juan, thus inheriting his brother's rights, renounced them in 1868 in favor of his son, the Duke of Madrid, the present Don Carlos, whose first political act was the issue of a proclamation to his party, convoking them to a congress in London, whence was organized the insurrection which terminated so unfortunately in the disasters of Orosoquieta. In this insurrection more than 20,000 mountaineers took part, but unfortunately there were only sufficient weapons to arm 2000 serviceably.

Don Carlos is tall, energetic, dark-complexioned, fond of athletic exercises, and, if rumor speaks truly, somewhat hot-headed. He is married to a niece of the Comte de Chambord, Margaret, daughter of the late Duke Charles the Third of Parma. A devoted Catholic, Don Carlos is entirely under the influence of the Romish priesthood, and if once seated on the throne of Spain, would make short work with civil and religious liberty in his dominions. At present the prospect of his succeeding is not very brilliant.



DON CARLOS, THE PRIESTS' CANDIDATE FOR THE CROWN OF SPAIN.



DESTRUCTION OF A SLAVE DHOW ON THE COAST OF ZANZIBAR.—[See Page 806.]

[*So great is* MISS BRADDON'S *popularity with novel-readers throughout the world that arrangements have been made for the concurrent publication of* "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD" *in eight weekly newspapers in Great Britain, in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in America, and in Australia, Germany, and France. This is unprecedented in the annals of literature, and no higher compliment could be paid to a writer's power of fascination.*]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,"
"THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

DEEP in the green heart of one of the most pastoral shires in England nestled the village of Hedingham. It was a hilly country, and Hedingham lay at the bottom of an irregular basin; nor in all the parish could you have found half a dozen acres of level ground. Orchards—and the Hedingham orchards were many and glorious—gardens, meadows, common lands, all sloped and undulated, as if the mighty waves of a storm-tossed ocean had suddenly been transformed into solid earth. Great must have been those volcanic convulsions which resulted finally in Hedingham. Geologists had their various theories on the subject, but the Hedingham people troubled themselves not at all thereupon. So long as cherries and apples ripened in the orchards sloping to the southern sun or fronting the later glory of the west—so long as all went well in farm-yard and barn, piggeries and hen-coops—Hedingham was content.

It was a prosperous-looking, well-kept village, important enough to blossom into a town perchance by-and-by, under favoring circumstances. Sir Aubrey Perriam, who owned the greater part of the land hereabouts, was a rich man and a liberal landlord, but a strict one. The plaster walls of all the Hedingham cottages were as white as frequent whitewash could make them. The fences and gates of Hedingham knew not dilapidation. In Sir Aubrey's absence—and he was very often absent from the vast and gloomy pile which called him master—his steward's keen eye overlooked Hedingham, and seemed ubiquitous as the eye of Providence itself. Nothing ever escaped that searching gaze, and thus dirt and disorder seemed unknown at Hedingham.

There was no pleasanter spot than this village of Hedingham on a summer's day. Through the village street there ran a broad, swift stream, into whose clear waters weary steeds plunged their tired limbs, and the very sight and sound of which gave freshness to the exhausted pedestrian. One might write a chapter about the green lanes that surrounded Hedingham, and the far-spreading curtain of shade afforded by ancient chestnuts and mighty elms, which gave a park-like aspect to the meadow land hereabouts, the Hedingham farmers having happily not yet been awakened to the necessity of stubbing up every decent tree on their land.

This green and fertile village was not far from the barren sea. From the summit of yonder hill, now golden with gorse and broom, the eye might sweep across another fair valley to the wide expanse of ocean. In this west of England the very sea-shore is verdant, and the rich wealth of the land seems almost to run over into the water.

Look at Hedingham this evening by the low light of the setting sun, sinking gloriously behind that dense screen of yew and cypress yonder in the church-yard. The first scene of this drama opens in a garden only divided from the church-yard by a low stone wall and a thick hedge of neatly trimmed yew, which rises tall and dark above the gray stone—the garden of the village school. Mr. Carew, the school-master, says it is a hard thing to live so near the church-yard, and to look out of one's window the first thing every morning upon crumbling old head-stones, skulls, and cross-bones; but then Mr. Carew is a gentleman not prone to take life pleasantly. A painter could hardly imagine any thing more picturesque than that old Norman church, to whose massive walls and stout square tower time has given such rich variety of hue; that spacious church-yard with its different levels, its noble old trees, and its crumbling mausoleums, through whose loosened stone-work the sinuous ivy creeps at will, a green, living thing pushing its fresh growth into the secret chambers of decay.

James Carew has no eye for the picturesque, or it may be that though the picture is fair to look upon, he may have had just a little too much of it. For fifteen slow years he has been school-master at Hedingham. He has seen the boys he taught when he first assumed the office grow into men, and marry and rear sons of their own for him to teach. He is grinding the elements of knowledge into a second generation, and in all those fifteen years his own life has grown no whit brighter. The passage of time has not profited him so much as an increase of five pounds a year to his scanty wage. Long service counts for very little with the authorities of Hedingham. Indeed, there are some who grudge James Carew his meagre stipend, and begin to wonder whether the parish school-master is not getting past his work.

Still there has been one change in those fifteen years—a change which would have brightened life for some men, although James Carew has been indifferent to it. His only daughter—his only child, indeed—has grown from a child to a woman. She was a plump, fair-haired lassie of five years old when he brought her to this quiet home. She is now a woman, and the acknowledged beauty of Hedingham. She might reign by the same right divine in a much larger place than Hedingham, for it would be hard to find a rarer beauty than that of Sylvia Carew.

She stands by the rustic garden gate in the sunset, talking to her father, owing no factitious charm to costume, in that well-washed lavender muslin and plain black straw hat, but peerlessly beautiful. Perhaps the greatest attraction of her beauty lies in its supreme originality. She resembles no other woman one remembers, but in looking at her one has a vague recollection of seeing such a face somewhere in an old Flemish picture. The features have the delicate regularity of a Greek statue. The nose straight and finely chiseled, the upper lip short, the mouth a Cupid's bow, but the lips somewhat—the veriest trifle—thinner than they should be for perfection; the chin short, round, and dimpled, the forehead low and broad, the shape of the face an oval. So much for features and outline which belong to an established school of beauty.

The coloring is more striking. Sylvia is exquisitely fair—that alabaster fairness, with no more bloom than the heart of a blush-rose—which is in itself almost sufficient for beauty. But this complexion, which by itself might be an insipid loveliness, is relieved by eyes of darkest, deepest hazel—that liquid brown which the old Italian masters knew so well how to paint: eyes of surpassing softness, of incomparable beauty. Her hair is of a much paler shade, yet a shade of the same color. But here the rich warm brown has a tinge of reddish gold, and her female critics aver that Sylvia has red hair. They do not deny her beauty. That is beyond criticism. They merely allege the fact. Sylvia's hair is red. "Miss Carew is pleasant and soft-spoken enough," says Miss Bordock, the baker's daughter; "but I never did trust no one with red hair. They're a'most always double-faced." Whether Sylvia was double-faced or not time must show.

Her father stood beside her at the wooden gate, a newspaper in his hand. There was little resemblance between them, and one could see that if Sylvia inherited her beauty from any mortal progenitor, it must have been to the maternal line she was indebted. Mr. Carew had a hooked nose, a somewhat receding chin, and faded gray eyes which may have once been handsome. He had a worn look, as of premature age, and one could imagine him the ill-preserved ruin of a handsome man. His dress was slovenly, but the delicate white hand and taper fingers, the small foot, the general air and bearing, were those of a man who, whatever he might be now, had once written himself down gentleman.

"Where are you going, child?" he asked, in a tone that was almost a complaint. "It's strange that you must be always gadding just at the time that I am at leisure."

"You don't seem to care particularly about my company, papa, if I do stay at home," replied Sylvia, coolly. They were not a very affectionate father and daughter. "And it's dull in-doors on such an evening as this. One might as well be in that ivy-grown old tomb yonder of the De Bossinnys, and life over and done with."

"You might read the newspaper to me, at least, and spare my poor old eyes a little. They're tried hard enough all day."

"Other people are almost young at fifty, papa. Why is it that you seem so old?" asked the girl, in a speculative tone, as if she were considering a fact in natural history.

"Compare my life—for the last fifteen years—with the lives of other people, and you won't be so foolish as to repeat your question, Sylvia. I should feel young enough, and seem young enough too, I dare say, if I were as rich as Sir Aubrey Perriam."

The father sighed, and the daughter echoed his sigh, as if the very mention of the lord of the soil were provocative of melancholy thought.

"Yes, it must be a grand thing to be rich," said Sylvia, "especially for people who have had some experience of poverty. Those people who are born rich seem to have a very dim idea of the enjoyment they might get out of their money. They dawdle through life in a sleepy sort of way, and fritter away their wealth upon a herd of servants and on some great ugly house, in which they are little more than a cipher. Now if I were rich the world would hardly be big enough for me. I'd roam from country to country; I'd climb mountains that no one ever climbed before; I'd make my name famous in half a dozen different ways; I'd—" breaking down with a sudden sigh. "But I dare say I never shall be any thing but a village school-master's daughter or a village school-mistress; so it's worse than foolishness to talk of happiness or riches."

The hazel eyes had brightened while she talked of what she would do with wealth. They were clouded now, and she looked at the rosy light beyond that dark screen of cypress with a face that was full of gloomy thought, strangely beautiful even in its gloom, though with a sinister beauty.

"You need not be a village school-mistress unless you are a greater simpleton than I take you to be," said her father, who had been in no manner disturbed by her rhapsody. He had unfolded his newspaper while she was speaking—a London paper which reached this remote world at sunset. "With your good looks, you are bound to make a good marriage."

"What, at Hedingham?" cried Sylvia, with a scornful laugh. "Pray who is the wandering prince who is to find me at Hedingham? I'm afraid princes of that kind only exist in fairy tales."

"Nonsense, Sylvia. Every pretty woman has her chance, if she has but patience to wait for it; but ten out of every dozen wreck themselves by marrying scamps or paupers before they are out of their teens. I hope you, Sylvia, have too much sense to make that kind of mistake."

"I hope so," said Sylvia; "indeed, I mean to be prudence itself, and wait for the prince. Have I not drained the cup of poverty to the very dregs? Believe me, papa, I don't want to wear washed gowns and last summer's bonnets quite all my life."

She looked down at her faded muslin contemptuously as she spoke. She had all the feminine longing for bright colors and fashionably made dresses, though the finest shops she knew were those in Monkhampton, the neighboring market-town, and the best-dressed women she had ever seen were the Misses Toynbee, the retired woolen manufacturer's daughters, who, it was faintly rumored, had once had dresses straight from Paris.

"By-the-way," she resumed presently, after a pause, "talking of good marriages, I wonder if you would call Mr. Standen a good match for any one. I am not speaking of myself, of course."

"I'm glad you're not," retorted her father, sharply, but without lifting his eyes from the newspaper, "for Edmund Standen would be a very bad match for you. His father left every acre and every sixpence he had to leave to his widow, for her to dispose of as she thinks best, and her son is entirely at her mercy. He's an only son, you'll say, and to whom else could she leave her money? She might leave it to her daughter, who, I have heard, was always the favorite; and depend upon it she will leave it to the daughter if the son offends her."

"By a foolish marriage, for instance."

"By marrying any one she disapproves of. And she's a starched madam—bigoted like all your evangelicals—and will be uncommonly hard to please. I dare say she means him for the little girl who lives with her—Miss—Miss Rochdale."

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders and made a wry face, as if Miss Rochdale were a very inferior order of being.

"I shouldn't think he would ever marry her," she said, "even to please his mother, whom, I believe, he worships. In the first place, her name is Esther. Fancy any one falling in love with an Esther! And in the next place she's dowdy to a degree that is next door to ugliness."

"I've never taken particular notice of her," replied Mr. Carew, "but I believe she has money. Her father was in the Indian Civil Service—a judge, or something of that kind. She was born in Bengal, and sent over to the Standens when she was three or four years old. The mother was some relation of Mrs. Standen's, I think; and after toiling and money-scraping out in Calcutta for twenty years, Mr. Rochdale died on the eve of his return—the common close of an Indian career—leaving his daughter well provided for."

"I wish you had gone to India, papa."

"To die there! Thanks for so affectionate a wish."

"No, no—of course I don't mean that," answered the girl, somewhat lightly, as if it were a matter of detail. "But I do wish you had found some position more fitted to your talents—for I know you are very clever—even at the other end of the world. So many men strike out paths for themselves—begin life with so few chances, and end in the loftiest stations. I have read the biographies of such men, and never without wondering how you could tamely submit to endure the life you have led here, to waste your keen intellect in the drudgery of a village school for fifteen long useless years."

She spoke with a suppressed passion in her tone; for there were times when she felt undutifully angry at the thought of her father's ignominious career. Not so easily would she have submitted to a life of obscurity, had Heaven made her a man.

"The men you read of may have begun life with one qualification which I did not possess when I began my career in this place," said her father, coldly, still without looking from the newspaper.

"What qualification?" she asked, eagerly.

"Never mind what. Enough that I am what I am. Why seek to pry into the secrets of a life that holds no ray of hope? You say you know that I have talents. If you do know that, you must know that I should not have endured such a life as this could I have put those talents to better use. I did not begin the world as a village school-master. The life you have seen is only the miserable remnant of an earlier existence."

"And that was a little brighter, eh, papa?"

"Yes, child, that was pleasant enough while it lasted."

"And what was the misfortune which altered your circumstances?"

"You've asked me that question before today, Sylvia, and I have told you that the past is a subject I don't wish to talk about. Be kind enough to remember that in future."

The girl gave a short, discontented sigh, but said nothing.

"You have not answered *my* question," said her father. "Where are you going?"

"Only for a walk in the lanes with Alice Cook and Mary Peter."

"I wonder you can care about associating with a sexton's daughter and a dress-maker."

"Have I any body else to associate with, papa? What would the young ladies of Hedingham think if I aspired to their company? Why, I dare say they expect me to drop a courtesy when I meet them, like the school-children." She drew herself up to her fullest height and looked like an outraged queen at the very idea of these people's insolence. Then in a more indifferent tone she went on: "You don't suppose I care for Alice or Mary. But they're better than nobody, and they think a great deal of me. What is that you told me Cæsar said—better to reign in a village than serve in Rome. I'd rather have such friends as those, who look up to me, than be asked to tea in a patronizing way by the vicar's daughters, who din the school into my ears all the evening. Mary tells me about the fashions, and helps me a little when I have a new dress to make for myself. It isn't often I trouble her. And Alice is a harmless creature enough, and takes no liberties. Besides, I could hardly walk about alone."

"No," said her father, with a glimpse at the fair face. "That wouldn't do. Perhaps you're right. Better they than no one. Be sure you're not late."

"I'll take care, papa. We're going to talk over the arrangements for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow?"

"The school treat, papa. You haven't forgotten surely?"

"To be sure. Yes, the children's tea, and the fancy fair in Harper's field. The place will be in a fine hubbub, I suppose."

"We're to have the band from Monkhampton, and they say there are lots of people coming. County people," added the girl. "We don't often have a glimpse of the world at Hedingham." And then, with a profound sigh, "I dare say the dresses will be lovely. And think of my poor last year's muslin, which has grown ever so much too short for me!"

"You've grown, I suppose you mean," said her father. "You needn't be so doleful about it. New dresses don't make good looks, and no man whose opinion is worth having values a woman for her gown. It's only you women who appraise one another's clothes, and sit in judgment upon one another's bonnets."

"Yes, papa, but it's hard to bear scornful looks, and to feel the stamp of one's poverty branded on one's back. I'm sure I wouldn't mind how I pinched or scraped in-doors. I'd eat dry bread and drink water if I could only make a decent appearance before the world."

"Ah, that's a woman's notion of comfort," said Mr. Carew, contemptuously. He was particular about what he ate; his comfortable little six-o'clock dinner was the one bright spot in his day. The babble and turmoil of the school were over, the door shut upon those awful boys, whom he loathed with an unspeakable loathing, the table laid neatly in the shady parlor. A cutlet or a chicken, a little dish of fruit, a salad, and a tumbler of cheap claret sufficed him; but even this modest *menu* cost money which might have been spared for Sylvia's wardrobe, had the school-master been content to eat boiled bacon and beans like his neighbors.

Two shrill voices sounded in the still air, and two girls emerged from the shadows of the cypress and yew, and came by the narrow church-yard path toward the gate of Mr. Carew's garden; two commonplace-looking damsels enough, it must be confessed, but fresh-complexioned and frank-looking, and with a pleasant air of the country about them.

"Well, Sylvia," cried Mary Peter, the elder of the two, "have you been waiting for us?"

"Not very long. Besides, I've been talking to papa. It didn't matter."

"I had the dresses to finish for the Misses Toynbee. I wish I could have kept them up at my place to show you, but the lady's-maid did fidget so. She's been round three times since dinner, so I sent 'em immediately I'd set the last stitch, and all I hope is the boy won't tumble them. Such ducks of dresses, Sylvia! However, you'll see them to-morrow, so it's all the same. Clear white grenadine, with blue satin quiltings, and blue silk slips, and such lace—real Valenciennes, and seven shillings a yard if it was a penny. The maid seemed afraid I should eat some of it, she was so sharp. I dare say she'll go over every inch with a yard measure."

Mr. Carew had retreated before this babble about dress-making. He had not even troubled himself to respond to the timid salutations of the two damsels. But for similar discourtesy Hedingham had long ago set him down as a proud and unfriendly individual. A good master enough for those rude, rough boys who trembled at his frown; but a person whom nobody cared to cultivate. Yet they owned that, although unpolite, he had the air and bearing of a gentleman, and that his discourtesy seemed sometimes sheer absence of mind. He had seen better days, said the Hedinghamites, and his temper had been soured by reverse of fortune. Having come to this conclusion, his simple-minded neighbors pitied him, and showed what kindness they could to his pretty daughter.

"Come, Sylvia," said Alice Cook; "it will be dark before we've had our walk."

CHAPTER II.

EDMUND STANDEN.

IT was in the very flush of summer, the ripe, rich month of July. The last of the hay had been carried, but tangled whisps of sweet-scented grass still hung here and there on the brambles of the dog-roses in the narrow lanes, where the wagons had been hard pushed to pass between luxuriant boundaries of sloe and blackberry, wild rose and woodbine. This particular July had begun with almost tropical splendor. The thermometer (there was only one in the village, by-the-way, at the post-office and chemist's shop) had been at eighty for the last week, and even after sunset there was a sultry heat like the atmosphere of a hot-house. This summer glow was odorous with the spicy breath of the pines, the rich perfume of clove carnations, the more delicate scent of bean fields, and the sweet-pea hedges that brightened cottage gardens. For an utterly idle existence—the life of those pigs, for instance, which lay flat on their sides on the patch of grass before the farm-yard gate, and simply reveled in the sunshine—Hedingham in a hot summer was a most delicious place, a very valley of sensuous delights. But for the majority of mankind, who had to work hard, this weather was a trifle too warm. The farmers looked across the fields of yellowing corn and thanked God for his liberal sunshine. The farmers' men wiped the drops of toil from their sunburned foreheads, and languished for a double allowance of cider. Happy those whose work lay on the hill-tops, whence they could gaze on the wide, cool sea. Happier still, or so it seemed to the landsmen, the fishermen yonder far out upon the blue, whose brown sail flapped lazily in the faint summer wind.

The three girls went along one of the lanes, till they came to a meadow on the slope of the hill—a meadow which contained some of the finest trees about Hedingham. Here they seated themselves on a grassy bank at the foot of a vast horse-chestnut—a bank famous for primroses in spring-time—not without some jesting insinuations from Sylvia's companions.

"We know why Sylvia is so fond of this field, don't we, Alice?" said Mary, jocosely; whereupon Alice, who was not loquacious, nodded and giggled inanely.

"I don't know that I like it any better than any other meadow," returned Sylvia, with an indifferent air; "if I do, it is for the shade of this chestnut, and because we can catch a glimpse of the sea over the tree-tops yonder."

"I thought you didn't care for the woods, or the sea, or any thing about Hedingham," said Mary.

"I don't very much. I've had too much of it all—trees and flowers that are the same every year, and woods and sea that haven't changed since William the Conqueror. But if we walk we must walk somewhere, and if we sit down to rest it must be somewhere, and this meadow does as well as any other place."

"And we know who always can find us here," said Mary, after which remark came a sort of giggling duet from Miss Carew's companions.

She felt that her father was right, and that she ought not to associate with these girls.

"I wish you wouldn't be so vulgar, Mary Peter," she exclaimed, angrily; "you know who, indeed. I suppose you mean Mr. Standen, since he's the only person we ever met here."

"I didn't know it was vulgar to speak of one's friend's beau," said Mary, deeply wounded: "but you've such high notions, Miss Carew. I sometimes think it's a pity you should associate with me and Alice."

"I sometimes think so too," answered Sylvia, nothing moved. It would have cost her very little to break with these companions of her childhood. Her feelings on the subject of feminine friendships were not deep.

She had a way of being insolent to these girls, and then passing over the matter lightly, as if she had a right to be as rude as she pleased, and they, influenced by her superlative beauty and her superior education—she had educated herself for the most part, but knew a good deal more than many better-taught girls of her age—suffered her airs and graces with extreme patience. She had an air of being only half alive in their presence, which was by no means flattering to their self-esteem. She leaned back against the broad base of the chestnut with half-closed languid eyelids, and only answered with a listless word or two now and then, while her companions discussed the programme for to-morrow's gala.

It was to be altogether a grand day for Hedingham. There was to be the children's treat, buns and tea, and plum-cake, and such rustic sports as kiss-in-the-ring, and thread-my-needle in Mr. Hopling's orchard, one of the finest orchards round Hedingham. This was an annual festival, but even repetition did not stale its simple joys. This year there was to be something more than the children's tea-drinking. The Hedingham school-house was ancient, small, inconvenient, and out of repair, and Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, was trying to collect funds for the erection of new buildings of the Gothic order. There had been already some small movements in aid of this good work, and now the Misses Vancourt and their numerous friends and allies had organized a fancy fair, or charity bazar, to which all the county, so far as the influence of Hedingham could make itself felt, had been bidden. All the most distinguished young ladies of the neighborhood—that is to say, those whose fathers had either money or position—were to take stalls. The various treasures of Berlin wool work, wax-flowers, point lace pincushion covers and banner screens, tea-pot stands, slippers, wax-dolls, smoking-caps, babies' shoes, braces, work-bags, shaving doylies, match-boxes, pinafores, and cigar-cases, which had been prepared by the industrious fingers of the Hedingham and Monkhampton young ladies, were said to be stupendous in effect, now that they were massed together at the Vicarage. The bazar was to be held in Mr. Harper's field, which adjoined Mr. Hopling's orchard, so that benevolently disposed people, after spending their money among the pink-striped booths, could walk into the orchard and behold the future recipients of their bounty. They would see the school-children at their best, apple-cheeked, joyous, radiant with the lustre of bread-and-butter and plum-cake, and they would be stimulated to give liberally. Thus no doubt had argued the artful organizers of the entertainment.

"They say there's people coming from twenty miles round," said Mary Peter, after much disquisition upon to-morrow's proceedings, "county families. There's never been such a day in Hedingham since I can remember."

"And you can remember thirty years, I should think," remarked Sylvia, without opening her eyes.

This was meant unkindly, for Miss Peter affected youth. Yet every one knew that it was nine or ten years since she had finished her apprenticeship to Miss Speedwell, of Monkhampton.

"Father heard tell that Sir Aubrey was to be there," said Alice Cook, with some sense of importance. It was something to have a father who heard the news direct from the vicar, after week-day service.

Sylvia opened her eyes. Every body in this place was interested in Sir Aubrey Perriam, though he was only a quiet elderly gentleman, who spent a good deal of his time abroad, and, when he was at home, lived a humdrum kind of life at Perriam Place, with no better society than that of his brother, an invalid and a bookworm. Sir Aubrey was seen in Hedingham village now and then, when he was at The Place, but the younger brother hardly ever. Yet, according to report, this younger brother, Mr. Perriam, never went away, but dawdled on from year's end to year's end alone with his books. No one at Hedingham thought or talked of Mr. Perriam; Sir Aubrey was a sun whose magnitude extinguished all lesser lights.

"I thought Sir Aubrey was in Paris," said Sylvia.

"So he was last week," replied Alice. "Father had it from the housekeeper at Perriam—but he was expected home soon—and this morning while he was taking off his surplice Mr. Vancourt told father that Sir Aubrey had come, and had promised to be at the bazar to-morrow."

"I should like to see him," said Sylvia.

"Haven't you never seen him?" asked Alice, with more emphasis than grammar.

"Never."

"Oh, I've seen him ever so many times," said Mary Cook, with enthusiasm. "He's a noble-looking old gentleman. I think you'd know he was a baronet if you saw him any wheres, without being told. He dresses beautiful—such taste—and holds himself so straight, and speaks so low and smooth—not like most of our country gentlefolks, which bawls awful, as if they was speaking to somebody on the other side of the road—and then he has such a dear silver-gray mustache, just the color of that dress I made for Mrs. Baker, for Miss Baker's wedding."

"And what is his brother like, Mr. Perriam?" inquired Sylvia.

"Oh, nobody ever sets eyes on Mr. Perriam, except the servants at The Place, and they say he's eccentrical and slovenly like in his ways—never puts on boots—and hardly ever wears a coat, and hates new clothes. But I've heard Mrs. Tidwell, the housekeeper, say—she's second cousin to my aunt Susan's husband's brother's wife, so you may call her a relation—that Mr. Perriam and his brother would be as like as two peas if he only dressed himself decently."

Sylvia sighed. She had ceased to feel interested in the conversation. What were these Perriams to her? Only two old fogies, whose wealth made her enviously-minded whenever she thought of it. That crimson globe she had been watching had gone down behind the patch of blue sea yonder, and she had promised her father to be home before it was dark. The darkness would soon follow that red splendor on the horizon line, and it was not solely to enjoy Alice Cook and Mary Peter's conversation that Miss Carew had come here to-night.

"Come, Mary," she said, listlessly, "I suppose we had better be going home."

"What's your hurry?" answered Mary.

"Papa told me to be home before dark."

"Oh, come, you're not generally so particular about your father. Besides, it's not quite dark till ten o'clock at this time of year; and who knows if some one mightn't happen to come this way who'd be ever so sorry to miss you!"

"Quite right, Miss Peter, and very kindly suggested," said a pleasant, manly voice from the other side of the bank. The branches rustled as two strong arms parted them, and a young man stepped lightly down from the higher level of the copse behind the chestnut.

Sylvia started to her feet, a wild rose bloom brightening her face, her glorious eyes shining, almost a new creature—animated with sudden joy, and hope, and triumph. Yet she spoke never a word, but only held out her little bare hand by way of welcome.

The new-comer shook hands all round, but with Sylvia last, and kept her hand in his, as if he had forgotten to let it go.

"I thought, perhaps, you might be coming this way for your evening walk, Mr. Standen," said Mary Peter, urged thereto by an impulse of good manners, since nobody else said any thing. Alice Cook could never do much more than giggle; and Sylvia and Mr. Standen stood and looked at each other as if they never meant to speak again. Indeed, could eyes always be as eloquent there would seem little need of language.

"It was very considerate of you to think about me at all," said Mr. Standen, without withdrawing his gaze from Sylvia's. They stood face to face under the spreading chestnut boughs, looking at each other as if there were no world beyond that circle of shadow, no time beyond this July sunset. "I always do come here for my evening walk, and sometimes I find this meadow very dreary, while sometimes it seems a little bit of Eden, as it does to-night," he added, in a lower tone, tightening his clasp of Sylvia's little hand.

"Well, Sylvia," said Mary, in her business-like tone, "I think as mother may be wanting her bit of supper—it is but a morsel of cheese and a lettuce she takes, but she likes it nice—I'll run home. You can come back with me, Alice, and I dare say Mr. Standen will take care of Sylvia. Good-by, Sylvia, we shall see you before twelve to-morrow."

The two girls courtesied a good-night to the gentleman and sped off, as if this were part of an established programme.

They had scarcely turned their backs ere Sylvia was clasped to her lover's breast. The fair head rested placidly upon his shoulder, the soft hazel eyes looked up at him, full of tenderness. Plighted lovers these, it would seem, by his calm air of proprietorship, her look of perfect trust.

"My Sylvia!" he said, as if a world of meaning were shut within the compass of those two words.

"You are so late this evening, Edmund," she said, complainingly.

"We had friends dining with us, darling; I couldn't get away. Even now I have left the men to smoke their cigars alone—at the risk of offending them—for the sake of one sweet half-hour with you. How lovely you look to-night, Sylvia, with that sunset tinge upon your hair!"

"Do you really like it?" she asked, pleased by his praise. "The girls call it red." A shower of kisses on the bright auburn hair answered for the lover's estimation of its peculiar color. "But I'm sorry you're so late, Edmund, for papa told me to be home early."

"You must cheat papa out of half an hour for my sake, Sylvia. I have something to tell you."

"What!" she cried, eagerly, and with a half-frightened look, "you have told Mrs. Standen?"

"Yes, Sylvia," he answered, gravely, "I have told my mother."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl with a gasp, as if this were just the most awful thing in the world. "And how did she take it?"

"Why, not so well as I could have wished. Let's sit down here, darling, under our old chestnut, and I'll tell you all about it." He released her from the arms which had infolded her till now, and they sat down side by side, her head still resting on his shoulder, one hand clasped in his, as if this loving contact might soften the stern decree of fate, in the person of Mrs. Standen, on whose fiat the future lives of these two in a great measure depended.

"Was she very angry?" Sylvia asked, falteringly.

The young man was silent for a few moments, looking downward, his good-looking, honest face clouded. It was both good and good-looking, that face of Edmund Standen's, the features sufficiently regular, the forehead broad and high, the eyes a clear gray, the complexion tanned somewhat by sun and wind—a country gentleman's complexion—the mouth good, and, despite the shade of a thick, brown mustache, full of expression.

"Am I to be quite frank with you, Sylvia; am I to tell you the truth, however disagreeable, even at the risk of making you dislike my mother?"

"What does it matter what I think of your mother?" exclaimed Sylvia, impatiently. "It is ourselves we have to think about. Tell me the whole truth, of course. She was angry, I suppose."

"Yes, dear, more angry than I had ever seen her till that moment; more angry than I should have thought it possible she could be."

"What a low, vulgar creature I must be," said Sylvia, bitterly.

"My sweetest, she knows that you are nothing of the kind. I have told her, and she has heard others praise you, and she has seen you herself. It was no such thought influenced her. But she had formed other plans, I suppose, and this engagement of mine disappointed her. She has always been used to think of me as a boy, ready and willing to be ruled by her opinions; for you know how dearly I love her, Sylvia."

"I have heard you say so a thousand times," said Sylvia, with something like scorn.

"Yesterday she discovered for the first time that I had a will of my own, a heart that was no longer all hers, a mind that could think for itself, and my own plans for my own future. She was both grieved and angry. My heart bled for her, though I felt for the first time in my life that she was in the wrong, that the mother I have loved so dearly could commit a great injustice."

"If you would only come to the point," exclaimed Sylvia, impatiently; "what did she say about our marriage?"

"That she would never give her consent to it. I was compelled to remind her that I am a man, and my own master."

"Well, what then?"

"'Marry Miss Carew if you like,'" she said, "'and break my heart, if you like. But if you do I shall leave every thing I possess to your sister Clara and her children.'"

"And she could do that?" asked Sylvia, trembling with indignation.

"Most decidedly. She is mistress of every thing my father had to leave. My future, so far as regards my father's fortune, is entirely at her mercy."

"How unjust—how wicked!" cried Sylvia.

"It does seem rather hard," said the young man, regretfully: "yet there never was a better mother than mine. And the money was left to her to do what she likes with, after all. She has as good a right to leave it to Clara as to me."

"She has no such right; your father intended it for you," said Sylvia, almost choking with passion.

She might have been even more angry had Edmund Standen repeated to her one particular speech of his mother's—a speech which had impressed itself indelibly on the tablet of his mind.

"I will stand between you and ruin, if I can, even if I seem cruel and unjust in doing so. Whatever influence, whatever power I have shall be used to the uttermost to prevent your marriage with Sylvia Carew."

"Because she is my inferior in social position?" asked the young man, angrily. "As if such petty distinctions counted for any thing except in a benighted village like Hedingham!"

"For no such reason," answered Mrs. Standen, "but simply because she is vain and hollow, selfish and artful. I wish my dear son to marry a good woman."

And she flung upon him a look of maternal tenderness that would have melted any one but a headstrong lover.

"What right have you to say that of her—you who have seen her half a dozen times at most?" he cried, indignantly.

"I have seen quite enough to judge—and I have heard still more."

"Petty village gossip. The women hate her on account of her beauty."

"And you love her for the sake of her beauty, and for nothing else. Beware of such love, Edmund."

"Upon my word, mother, you are too bad!" cried the son, and he left her without another word—banging the door behind him. The passion of anger would hurt us more than it does if there were no doors to bang.

Yet in his heart of hearts he knew that he did love Sylvia chiefly for the sake of that rare beauty which had dawned upon him like a revelation of a new life, a few months ago, when he came home from Germany, and saw the girl standing in the afternoon sunshine in one of the side aisles in Hedingham church, clad in purest white, a blossom-like creature among the ruddy-cheeked and buxom Hedingham girls, many of whom had a full share of vulgar every-day good looks. Even to-night, as he came to the trysting-tree, he was compelled to confess to himself, in the course of that self-examination to which all thoughtful men submit their motives, that it was Sylvia's face that had bewitched him. Of her mind he knew very little, beyond the one fact that she loved him, and knowing that, he seemed to know all that was needful. She was refined and intelligent, expressed herself like a lady, read all the books he lent her, and was able to criticise them somewhat sharply. She had taught herself French and German with very little help from her father. She played with taste and expression on a feeble old piano, which a former vicar's wife had given her on leaving Hedingham, and she sang better than she played. What more could a man desire in a wife than to love and be beloved by her, save to be proud of her? And Edmund Standen felt that this was a wife of whom a better man than he might be proud. For, after all, this gift of beauty which philosophy affects to underrate—although Socrates did admire Aspasia—is a great and perfect thing, and more certain of social success than any other quality. It needs no assertion on the part of its possessor; it asks no aid from renown. It is there—obvious, indisputable, and the world beholds and worships. Nor is it more ephemeral than any other species of fame. Those names of women which stand out most vividly on the historic page, are the names of women who were simply famous for their beauty. This argument occurred to Edmund Standen to-night as he walked up the hill. After all, what reason had he to be ashamed of loving Sylvia Carew simply because of her loveliness? "Pericles, Cæsar, Antony, were all made of the same clay," he said to himself. "Each fell in love with the loveliest woman of his age."

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"Well," said Sylvia, after a longish pause, "of course there is no more to be said. Our dream is ended; all we have to do is to bid each other good-by."

Her tones faltered a little, and there were tears in her eyes, yet she pronounced this renunciation of her lover with a curious calmness for one so young.

"Bid each other good-by!" he repeated, astonished. "Why, Sylvia, do you think I can give you up?"

"I think you could never be so mad as to let your mother make you a pauper, which it seems she has the power to do," said Sylvia, in whom anger at this moment was stronger than love.

"My mother shall not make me a pauper, and she shall not rob me of you," said Edmund, drawing her closer to his side. She did not look up at him, but sat with eyes bent upon the ground, and a settled gloom upon her face. For her this forfeiture of fortune meant so much; it meant the end of all her day-dreams. But she loved him as fondly as it was in her nature to love; and that nature had its depths of passion, though those depths were yet unsounded.

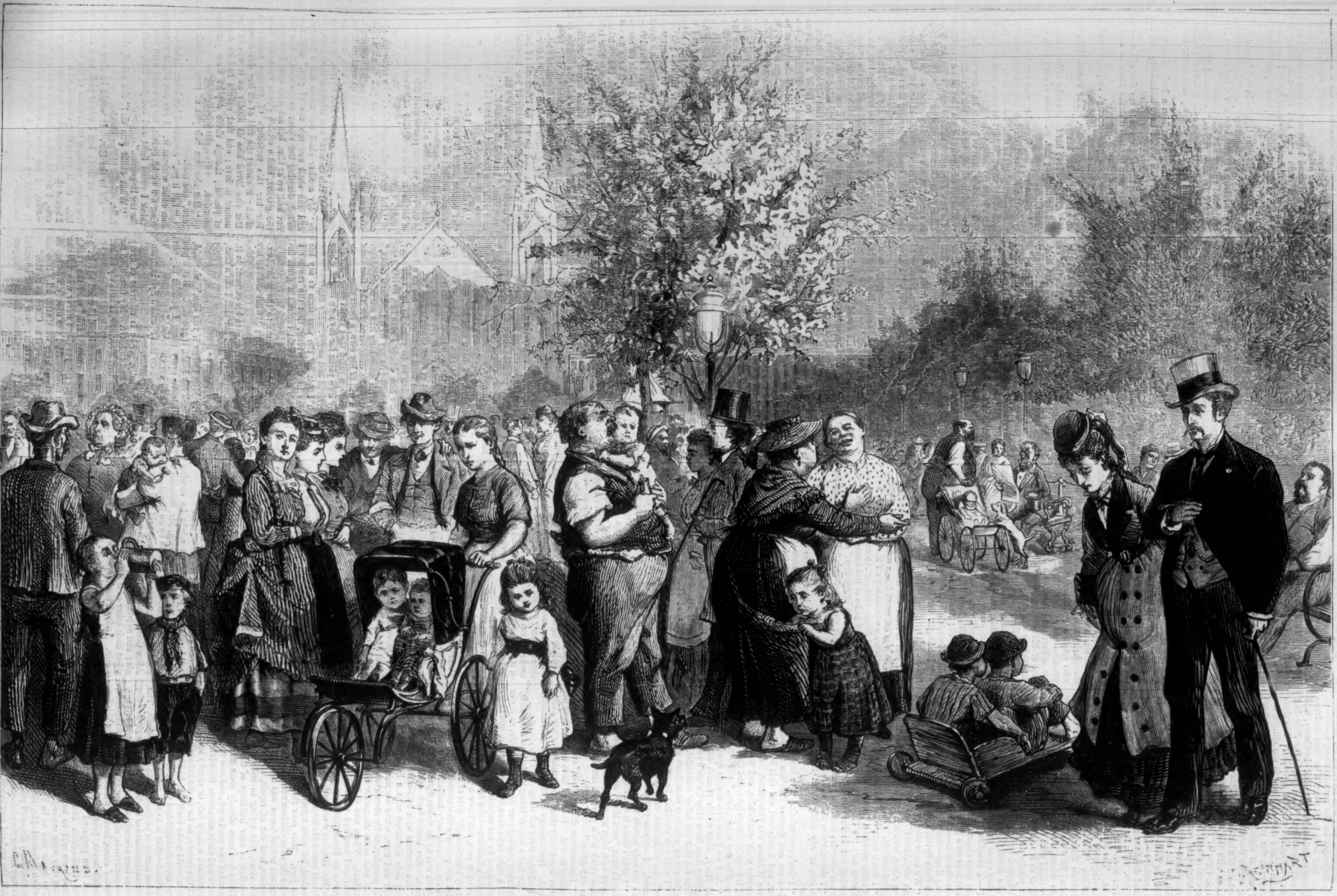
"But she can rob you of your father's fortune," she said.

"Let it go," answered her lover, lightly. "I can exist without it. I am not afraid of beginning the world, Sylvia, for you and with you. I think I could fight and conquer fate, with you for my helpmate."

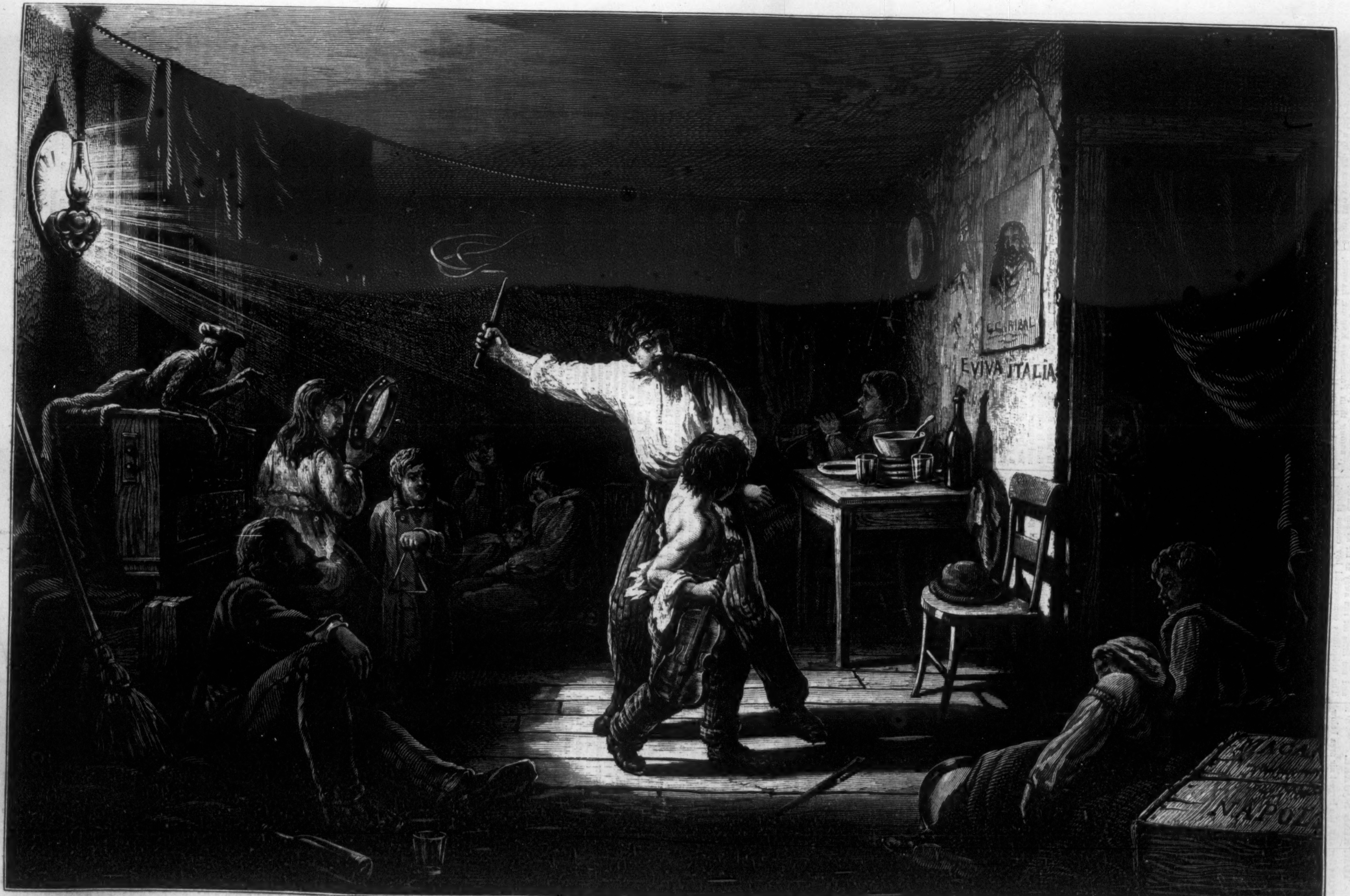
"What could you do?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Go to the Bar. It would be slow work, of course, at first; but I might pick up a little by literature, perhaps, or in some of the by-ways of life. Or if, on taking counsel with my friends, I found the Bar was likely to be too slow a business, I might get a clerkship and go into commerce. I am young, and not afraid of work. It would be hard if I couldn't earn a living somehow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK—OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.—[SEE PAGE 802.]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THE ITALIAN 'BOYS' IN NEW YORK—TORTURES OF THE TRAINING-ROOM.—[SEE PAGE 802.]

TOMPKINS SQUARE.

Tompkins Square, the largest air area below the Central Park, is the grand plebeian plaza of New York city. Through the long summer day its bare stretching distance of sand is a glaring Sahara; but when the sun has gone behind the high houses of Avenue A, the great square is the attractive centre of the whole neighborhood—a reservoir of cool air, calling laborers out of their tenement homes as soon as they have eaten supper. As the day wanes, Tenth, Ninth, Eighth, and Seventh streets are like crevices through which are seen the rich red gold and orange of the sunset sky; and opposite, on the highest points of the church, St. Bridget's three gilt crosses brighten up with the western light, and stand distinct in the darkening blue ether of the east. Now St. Bridget's namesakes and whole families of her adorers throng the popular plaza and promenade around the square. Back and forth they go, crossing the path of as many more who have no faith in the cross nor reverence for canonical saints.

The best if not the only place in New York city to get a sky-view while standing on *terra firma* is Tompkins Square. Aurora borealis here has an ample stage for grand display. Without tree, shrub, or any obstacle, it is not only adapted to police drills and military parades, for which it has been already appropriated, and for the ball games for which it is solicited, but in winter it would be a most jolly, safe, and convenient skating area if the city government would flood and freeze it.

Here "wanderers" from the "Vaterland" gather on these summer evenings; also Fins, Swedes, Greeks, Spanish, and children from the mountain valleys in the tucked-away corners of Europe on the far side of Austria, where tourists do not go, and which books do not tell of. The predominating spirit of the place and the hour is a feeling that every body has of freedom, *négligé*, rest, a comfortable coolness, and an instinctive, unconscious satisfaction, as if the breathing apparatus were being fed.

Tompkins Square, as may be seen from our illustration on page 800, is more like a tropical *plaza* than any other public plot in this city, because there are few bonnets worn. The lenient conventionalities of the neighborhood—in fact, its utter unfashionableness—allow the people to come out of their homes just as they are in their homes, except that many younger women and almost all the little girls have, for some metaphysical reason, made some effort to be tidy. Although bare-headed, they are not unkempt. The hair is braided, and a bright ribbon woven in. It may be faded or dirty, and it was cheap in the beginning. Scores of women wear their well-combed hair tight-braided and fastened up in that little knot behind, which is technically termed a pigtail, which, utterly clear of coquettish effect, is genuine, clean, compact. In the prevailing garb of the matron there are three different calicoes, in sacque, skirt, and neckerchief—a sacque short, shapeless, and blouse-like; a skirt not trailing nor starched; and a shawl-shaped neckerchief that carries an air of antiquity—a fashion that prevailed in the woods of the Maine-iacs thirty years ago.

In the concourse there is a sprinkling from the families that live in residences facing Tompkins Square, on the upper side of Tenth Street, who own and live in the homes where their fathers dwelt, having resisted the up-town current. Such a man is the quiet old gentleman who comes out in his slippers early after tea, seats himself upon one of the nearest benches, leans comfortably against the back, crosses one knee over the other, and reads an evening newspaper—serenely easy, not harassed for money to pay the rent, nor discomposed by the motley, toil-besmeared, and even vagabond crowd perambulating around him. Such also are the respectable couple, the united head of a family, that we saw walking arm in arm on the distant south side of the square in the thickest of the plebeian crowd.

Yonder comes my washer-woman. She lives in Tenth Street, between Avenue B and the East River; is an intelligent German, a physician's widow, who took to the suds after the doctor died. She happily has one only child, a handsome boy of four years, whom she brings out here in the evening to take the air. She lives for cheapness' sake in the back basement of a terrible tenement-house, and wee Louis has to shift for himself as he can, while she is off at work, often scrubbing or washing by the half day. When she brings me my clothes I have to be particular where she unfolds them, for insect life is nimble in the house where she lives, crawling on the entry walls and in the cracks of her door, so that she frequently brings Croton-bugs and smaller bugs in her clean bundle, and I would not employ her only I am sorry for her. She is honest. But she can not keep up, and her breath is foul. The little fellow is clean, and so is she—as clean as Misfortune and Poverty at present allow.

Ten-year-old girls link together, five and six, and skippityhop and exchange words with the boys as they fly along. Diagonally aiming across the square strides a tailor's woman with a pile of new pantaloons two feet high on her head. A small boy by her side is likewise clothes-laden.

The babies! They are universally known to be that part of the throng most legitimately entitled to the air-feast. Babies must breathe air once a-day or they will not last. So here they are—babies in little carriages, babies in blue flannel, and babies in pink calico; babies on fathers' shoulders and babies in mothers' arms, while sometimes a small child on each side hangs on to her calico gown. Grandmother, in a checked muslin cap with two broad frills, leads a child with each hand. The poodles, too, have their airing, and trot along with their human friends. Now a father and mother sit down on a bench and see little tot run away as far as she dares. The ubiquitous commercial boy comes along, vainly hoping to vend an evening newspaper that some person has read and thrown away. And here passes the little lozenge merchant. See there, that old woman in a wide ruffled cap of white cotton cloth, a black neckerchief, a loose calico sacque, and a brown stuff skirt that reaches nearly to her ankles! She sits on a bench knitting, as much at home in the public square as in her tenement, and far more comfortable.

Mixed in the multitude I spy a genteel couple, an all-absorbed pair, that take no observations of the crowd, and even forget the fresh air, and every thing but each other. They are from a higher grade of life, and do not reside in the immediate neighborhood; but, sure of seclusion in this crowd, sure of not seeing or being seen by any person that ever saw them before, they have come to enjoy a leisurely chat. Many there are in New York who blended once, and then lost each other in the turmoil of metropolitan life, who retain romantic reminiscences, recalling the starlight, the moonlight, and the love-light that shines on Tompkins Square.

A dignified wee girl that can not yet speak plainly trundles in a wagon a demure little dog, which, like its mistress, sets an example of propriety to the whole multitude. A policeman, the most benign member of his profession, occasionally attempts to rout the small girls transgressing on the grass between the benches and the iron fence. But what is the activity of one man to forty girls! They scamper off for the instant, and hasten to give him an opportunity of chasing them at another place. There are tired mechanics here, who sit for hours without speaking. They look at the rest, and breathe the air. Now there is a jam in the promenaders. They gather in a motley fracas. "Give him a crack in the mouth!" says a large girl. "He pushed me!" says a boy. The crowd scatters. It is a peaceful crowd, with no idea but to walk slowly and breathe.

Tompkins Square this evening presents every-day life; not church or picnic, with better coat and brighter ribbon, but home turned out on exhibition, bare-headed and barefooted. Stout arms that have become sinewy through the toil of the machine-shop and the wash-tub are brawny, bare to the elbow. Human life is uncovered here, and takes its last draught of air before it retires to hired chambers, and throwing itself on welcome beds, too often in stifling inside bedrooms, tired nature closes the eyelids until another day.

THE ITALIAN BOYS.

Numerous proofs have recently appeared of the shocking cruelties practiced by the Italian slave-dealers upon the poor little boys whom they have bought or stolen from their parents, and every feeling heart must sympathize with the little fellows in their forlorn distress and misery. Many of the cases which have come before the public fall but little short of murder. In winter the children are compelled to walk the streets when the mercury is far below freezing-point, scantily clad in rags, their sufferings increased by hunger, and by terror of punishment at night should they return with less money than they have been ordered to bring home. Of course, unless they are very strong and hardy, they sicken and die. The heartless "padrones" grow rich upon the misery of these little waifs. One of these men, by the name of Motto, was recently arrested in New York on a charge of kidnaping, but was released on technical legal grounds. Another, arrested in New Haven, was not so fortunate, and is now in prison.

Our illustration on page 801 gives a view of a room in which one of these "padrones" keeps his victims. Here they sleep, eat, and get their training. The poor boys, dragged from their native country across the Atlantic, are packed into dismal dens, where they are subjected to every kind of wretchedness and torture. In one room eight feet long and six wide, we are told, there were found seven men and two boys asleep; there was no air, no ventilation, but a foul atmosphere, filth, and squalor. The boys are subjected to cruel punishments during their training for the street, and the lash is freely used if they fail to satisfy the demands of their inhuman task-masters. The existence of this white slavery is a disgrace to American Christianity and civilization, and stringent measures should be taken for its abolishment.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The preparations for the coming Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which is to begin in this city on October 2, are going forward rapidly. A meeting of the Committee of Arrangements was held in the Bible House on Monday, September 1. This committee is divided into numerous sub-committees, each of which has care of some department of the work. Some delegates from abroad have already arrived. The Conference will open with a social reunion, at which the Hon. William E. Dodge will preside. The address of welcome to the delegates will be made by the Rev. Dr. William Adams, of this city. The topics to be considered embrace the whole range of Christian thought. Among them are, Christianity and its Antagonisms, Christianity and Humanity, Education, Missions, the Preaching for the Age, Christian Charities, the Church and the State. Many representative men of the Church, both at home and abroad, will take part in the discussions.

Dr. Reinkens was consecrated the first bishop of the Old Catholics, at Rotterdam, on Monday, August 11, by the Bishop of Deventer, assisted by the Vicars-General of Haarlem and Utrecht. "The church was crowded," says the correspondent of the *Guardian*, "in every corner. About forty delegates from Old Catholic bodies in Germany were present in the place of honor, among them Professors Knoodt, Langen, Reusch of Bonn, Herrn Wülfing, Hasenclever, Rottels, etc. The bishop elect was supported by Knoodt and Reusch at the altar, with two chaplains. About twenty priests were vested at the consecration. The service was prefaced by the reading of the vote, in Dutch, of the pastors of the Haarlem diocese, and in German of the delegates of the Old Catholic congregations. After the consecration the Bishop of Deventer delivered a long charge in Dutch to the newly consecrated prelate, to the clergy, and to the people."

There was of course in the consecration no oath of obedience to the Pope, and no pallium brought from Rome.

The English Wesleyan Conference, which has been in session in Newcastle-on-Tyne, reports 348,580 members, an increase of 1730 during 1872, with 20,844 persons on trial, 5869 Sunday-schools and 666,766 scholars, an increase of seventy-seven schools and 12,189 scholars, and also an increase of two day schools and 4967 scholars. The Rev. Dr. Punshon, who has recently returned from Canada, has been made chairman of the second London circuit.

Sir Bartle Frere has added his testimony to that of Lord Lawrence to the value of Christian missions in India. He sums up the case in these words: "The spell of caste, and all that is connected with caste, has been broken, and whatever of weal or woe may be in store for the India of the future, the India which we knew a generation ago, frozen into forms which had remained unchanged for so many centuries, can never be seen again."

The manner in which Christian civilization co-operates with direct teaching is admirably described by him: "Whenever the Hindoos stir out of their own village some evidence meets them of the equalizing, leveling tendencies of the British government—of its entire disregard for the distinctions of caste, which so largely modify the action of every native administration. At the great public works every one gets paid according to his work—no one asks what is the workman's caste, or where he comes from. Then what incarnations of justice, equity, and equality are the roads and railroads! How straight they go, caring no more for the head-man's or rajah's field than for the helot's rubbish heap! Every body goes together by train, the prince and the peasant—all get accommodated according to what they pay, without distinction of caste or rank, and all arrive at the same time! It is the same with their courts of justice; if you have only money enough, you may sue any body you please, and get a decree too sometimes, and have it executed against the wealthiest banker in the county town. Then this 'lightning post,' what a wonderful invention it is! It beats even the railway as a manifestation of benevolence, justice, and equality; for every one's message goes in turn, and all for the same price per dozen words."

The text of the decree of the imperial government of Brazil, annulling the sentence pronounced against the Freemasons by the Bishop of Pernambuco, has been received. It is dated June 12, 1873, and is very explicit. Summarized, it is as follows:

> "Against the sentence by which your lordship judged the Guild of St. Anthony to be interdicted, having heard a section of the Council of State, and afterward the whole of the said council, considering—1. That the *Beneplacitum Regium* is required by the laws of Brazil for all pontifical decrees, etc.; 2. That the bulls of excommunication against Masonry have not received the *Beneplacitum*; 3. That Masonry is wanting in the character and object which would make it subject to the jurisdiction of the Church; 4. That the constitution of the guilds is principally of the competency of the civil power, and that the diocesan, whose business it is to approve the religious statutes, has authority only in duties of this nature; 5. That the guild has not failed in these duties, nor is it accused of doing so; 6. That the guild had not the power to expel Masons; 7. That even if it had the power it could not be interdicted for refusing to expel them, as it deemed this contrary to its agreement and illegal—the imperial government of Brazil has thought good to grant the appeal, and ordains that, within the space of one month, this decision be put in execution. These laws have hitherto been respected by the Brazilian bishops. The words and acts of your lordship have incurred just and serious animadversion, as being in opposition (*a*) to the legitimate appeal to the crown, and (*b*) to the *Beneplacitum Regium*. Your lordship is bound to receive and observe the decision of the imperial government."

Just at the time of the promulgation of this decree the bishop received letters from the Pope approving of all he had done, and advising him to go forward. The issue between the church and the state is now as distinctly made in Brazil as in Germany.

It is remarkable that the distinguished professors in the Pennsylvania College and Seminary at Gettysburg—Drs. Schmucker, Krauth, Baugher, Jacobs, and Stoever—should, after thirty years of association as colleagues, have died within six years of each other. Dr. Krauth died in 1867, Baugher in 1868, Stoever in 1870, Jacobs in 1871, and Schmucker in 1873. They were all men of culture, and great singleness of purpose as educators.

All who are interested in Christian missions will be gratified to learn that the proceedings of the Missionary Conference held at Allahabad, India, have been published in volume form. They make in all 548 pages. The statistics presented to the Conference are of such importance as to be indispensable to a correct knowledge of the results of missionary labor in Hindostan. We learn that two American societies have ordered a large number of copies for distribution in the United States. At present they are to be had from Dr. Murdoch, at Madras, and Dr. Brodhead, at Allahabad.

The manner in which mission-work is carried forward in India by natives is well illustrated by the following story of a Mohammedan lady: "She is a widow of upward of fifty years of age. She lived from her youth in the palace of the Nazim of Moorshedabad, where she held a very responsible position. She speaks Arabic, Persian, and Hindee. About twenty years ago she became possessed of a Bible, and comparing it with the Koran, she was led by the Spirit of God, without any human instruction, to renounce the faith of Islam and embrace the religion of Jesus Christ. This was discovered about two years ago by a lady at Moorshedabad, and the result was that she gave up her position in the palace, and went to Calcutta to be baptized. She took her household with her, consisting of a lady older than herself, three young men whom she had adopted, and a young girl. These five persons were put under Christian instruction, and were in due time baptized in presence of the native congregation in the church at Lucknow. This lady visits daily among fifty and sixty families, and reasons with Mohammedan men and women out of the Scriptures, teaching them that Jesus is the promised Messiah, the Son of God."

We have not heretofore noticed the Provincial Council of Westminster, England (Roman Catholic), for the reasons that its proceedings are secret, and that its decrees must be sent to the Pope for approval before they can be valid. It closed with much ceremony on August 11. It is reported that measures were adopted for the promotion of higher education, with a view ultimately to the founding of a Roman Catholic university in England.

Quite an excitement has been created in London by a proposal to erect a "baldachino" in the parish church of St. Barnabas over the communion-table. The "baldachino" is a canopy or throne common in Roman Catholic cathedrals. It is supposed to symbolize the Real Presence, and this belief has occasioned the controversy. A number of the parishioners have appeared before Dr. Tristram, the Chancellor of London, to protest against the erection of this ornament. The case was set down for hearing during the third week in August.

The Church known as the "United Brethren in Christ" will celebrate in 1874 the hundredth year of its existence. In 1774 its founder, the Rev. William Otterbein, organized the first congregation in the city of Baltimore. Otterbein was a warm personal friend of Francis Asbury, the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is proposed to collect during the year funds for missions, church erection, and the endowment of a Biblical seminary. The United Brethren exclude from church membership members of secret societies.

The standing of the Old Catholics of Prussia as members of the Church, and therefore entitled to the use of the places of worship, and their priests to the usual emoluments of office, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of Appeal. It has been the aim of the ultramontane bishops to put the Old Catholics out of the pale of the Church, and therefore as not recognized by existing German law. The court of first instance and the Provincial Court of Appeal both decided against the Old Catholics. The consequences of this last decision will be far-reaching.

The four largest missionary organizations in the United States are the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational), the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Baptist Missionary Union. The American Board was organized in 1810, the Baptist Union in 1814, and the Methodist Missionary Society in 1819. Their receipts for 1872 and their mission church members in the same year can be seen from the following comparative statement:

	Expenditures.	Members of Mission Churches.
Presbyterian Board	$552,775 31	4,476
American Board	437,391 00	9,000
Methodist Board	373,825 00	13,170
Missionary Union	239,417 00	52,000

This table, which is compiled by the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, would seem to indicate that the society making the smallest expenditure has attained the largest results. The differences are no doubt susceptible of explanation. Adding to the total of members under the care of the American Board the churches of the Sandwich Islands, which are self-supporting, the entire membership in its missions would be 21,300.

Father Ignatius (Rev. Joseph L. Lyne) has found English law to be an overmatch for him. Having induced a young man of sixteen years, by the name of Todd, to enter his monastery, he treated with entire contempt the repeated requests of the youth's father for the return of his son. Mr. Todd, being well advised, made his son, by the purchase of £100 in the public funds, a ward in Chancery, constituting himself trustee. An order to produce the ward was issued by the Vice-Chancellor, which Father Ignatius, after some demur, was compelled to obey. He was informed by the Vice-Chancellor that "if he took the young man into his house again," he would certainly be imprisoned. The issue of the case seems to be particularly gratifying to the English press.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The work upon the St. Gothard Tunnel is steadily progressing, and up to the end of March, according to the accounts of the Swiss Federal Council, the work had been driven to the extent of 252 meters, enlarged to its full size for 210 meters, and the masonry finished over a distance of 103 meters. The average number of men employed during the month was 617, and the maximum number 813. On the Goschenen side the tunneling is through a granite or gneiss, more or less faulty, and full of fissures. No accidents have yet occurred of sufficient importance to interfere with the work, though some inconvenience is experienced from the infiltration of water.

At the Hoosac Tunnel quite recently an accident, involving the loss of four men and the serious injury of two others, occurred by the explosion of a can of so-called giant powder, which a gang of workmen were engaged in taking into the works from the eastern portal. By some means the material caught fire, and exploded with terrific violence, with the result above named.

A project no less stupendous than piercing the Rocky Mountains by a tunnel is stated by the Western papers to be not only in contemplation, but to be systematically organized, and the preliminary work already begun. The tunnel in question is to be put through the mountains at a point near Black Hawk, and will come out in Middle Park. When completed it will be about twelve miles long, and its greatest depth below the surface will be six thousand feet at James Peak. It will make Middle Park readily accessible from the eastern part of the Territory, and among other advantages which are anticipated, it will fully illustrate the geological and mineralogical nature of this section, and also, from being the scene of an engineering enterprise more extensive than the famous Mont Cenis Tunnel was in its time, it will attract unusual attention to the country from all quarters. It is said that considerable work has already been done. The mountain has been graded down for the face of the tunnel; a flume thirteen hundred feet long has been built from the creek, by which a fall of twenty-five feet of water has been obtained, for the purpose of driving an overshot wheel to ventilate the proposed works. To prevent the waters of the creek from overflowing into the tunnel a strong levee has been built, which it is supposed will relieve the work from any embarrassment on this score. The objects of the tunnel are stated to be to afford a means of working the mines cheaply and rapidly, to open new mineral veins, and to afford superior facilities for transportation by railway.

The Baltimore and Potomac and the Union Railroad tunnels beneath the city of Baltimore are now finished, and trains are passing regularly through.

We gather the following summary of the weather from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending August 27: An area of low barometer, with cloudy weather and rain, passed slowly eastward over the Lakes and the St. Lawrence Valley. A second depression has moved from Iowa across the Lower Lakes, followed by a third, which is now in the Ohio Valley. An area of very high barometer and cool weather has also passed from British America southward over the Lower Lakes and the Middle and Eastern States. The rain-fall for the week averages about 5.5 inches in the St. Lawrence Valley, 1.6 inches on the Middle Atlantic coast, 2.0 inches in the South Atlantic States, and less than an inch over the rest of the country, except at Jacksonville, Florida, Galveston, Texas, etc. The rivers flowing into the Mississippi are all reported to have fallen from one to three feet, excepting only a rise in the lower and middle portions of the Ohio River. The Mississippi itself has also fallen very generally.

When submarine cables were first proposed much trouble was anticipated from the boring of marine animals through their external envelopes, and thus allowing the salt-water to penetrate to the wires. A cable would also in time become covered with adherent mollusks and similar objects, which would be likely to attract fishes and other animals, the teeth of which might produce serious mechanical injuries. Although such results have not followed to so great an extent as was feared, experience has shown that these apprehensions were well founded. The Florida cable, for instance, is thought to have received serious injury from turtles nibbling at the sea-weeds, etc., incrusting it; and we now learn from *Land and Water* that on one occasion the cable between Penang and Singapore became defective, and, when taken up, was found to have been perforated by the teeth of a saw-fish, which tore away the coverings, and laid bare the conducting wire.

Among recent deaths of men of science recorded in *Nature* we find that of Mr. J. A. GORDON, superintendent of the Crystal Palace Gardens, well known in the department of horticulture as an assistant of Sir JOSEPH PAXTON; also that of Mr. JAMES WARD, of Richmond, Yorkshire, a botanist of the north of England; and Mr. JAMES IRVINE, of Chelsea, the author of the *London Flora*, published in 1838, and one of the editors of the now defunct journal, the *Phytologist*.

On the Fourth of July last the grounds set apart by the city of Philadelphia for the purposes of the International Exposition of 1876 were formally transferred by the Park Commission to the Centennial Commission of the United States. The transfer took place on the grounds in the park in the presence of an immense gathering of citizens, and was conducted with due regard for the grandeur and importance of the great event of which it forms the first public inauguration.

One of the features of the occasion was the reading of a proclamation by his Excellency the President of the United States, fixing upon the 19th of April, 1876, as the time for the opening of the Exhibition, and the 19th of October of the same year for its close, and inviting the co-operation of the people of the United States, as well as of foreign nations. Though it may seem somewhat premature, the following form of application for space in the coming Exhibition has been adopted by the Centennial Commission, to be sent to manufacturers throughout the world. It will, no doubt, have the advantage of advising the managers of the great event to make appropriate provision for abundant space. It is said that this policy has met with much success, and that even at this stage of the undertaking the applications for space are both numerous and from distant quarters.

UNITED STATES

1776. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. 1876.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION,
904 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, ——, 187–.

M. ——: For the purpose of facilitating the progress of the necessary preparation in connection with the *International Exhibition* of 1876, your co-operation is requested. Have the kindness to forward a list of such products or manufactures as you desire to have on exhibition at that time, with amount of space required, so far as it is possible to prepare it. This list will not interfere with any future entries that you may desire to add, the object being simply to form some practical idea as to the total amount of space required, and to aid in the prompt production of the catalogue. A form is inclosed which you will please fill up and send, addressed to, Yours respectfully,

ALFRED T. GOSHORN, Director-General.

Among the unusually large number of deaths in the ranks of scientific men that have occurred during the year 1873 we have to mention that of GUSTAVE ROSE, the eminent chemist and mineralogist, at Berlin, in July last, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The attention of ROSE was early directed to the subject of chemistry, and especially in its relations to mineralogy, and his tastes were fixed by his association for some time as a pupil with BERZELIUS, the eminent Swedish savant. At an early age he was placed in charge of the mineral collection of the University of Berlin, and he subsequently accompanied HUMBOLDT in his explorations in Northern Asia, and especially in the region of Altai and the Caspian Sea. The more important of his labors had relation to the science of mineralogy, numerous memoirs and several special works on this and allied subjects having made their appearance from his pen.

According to Dr. FRITSCH, the discovery has lately been made of lacustrine dwellings in the vicinity of Leipsic, as the result of certain engineering operations undertaken to regulate the course of the river Elster. After passing through a series of layers, at a certain depth the workmen found a series of oak piles pointed below and decomposed above, and supporting a certain number of oak trunks placed horizontally; and on the same level with these were found certain lower jaws and teeth of oxen, fragments of antlers, broken bones of various mammifers, shells of an anodon, fragments of pottery, two polished stone hatchets, etc.

Contracts have finally been made for the erection of the building of the New York Museum of Natural History in Manhattan Square, the foundation for a portion of which has been dug for some time. Bids were originally opened in March last, but under the new charter, and in the organization of the Park Department, various questions arose which prevented further progress in the work. It is now stated that the mason-work for the first section has been let for $127,900, the granite for $123,000, and the iron for $168,000, being an aggregate of $418,900.

Advices from Professor HAYDEN's expedition to the 18th of July report satisfactory progress in the work of exploration in the Rocky Mountains, the party under Mr. MARVIN being engaged in the Northern or Middle Park, Mr. GANNET in the southern district, and Mr. WILSON in the San Luis district, assisted by Dr. ENDLICH, who has made some valuable observations upon the mines of that portion of the country. The naturalists are reported as industriously occupied in their work, and as having prepared numbers of birds, insects, etc., Mr. BATTY and Mr. COLE devoting themselves more particularly to the vertebrates, while Lieutenant CARPENTER, of the army, who accompanies the expedition, superintends the entomological department. The photographer has succeeded in taking a large number of excellent negatives of the scenery, from which we shall be better able to understand its peculiar features. At the date named Professor WILLIAM D. WHITNEY, of Yale, was with the party, and much interested in its movements.

At the June meeting of the Geographical Society of France a eulogy was read by M. DAUBRÉE to the memory of M. DE VERNEUIL, the eminent geologist, who died on the 29th of May last. The visit of this gentleman to the United States is well remembered by his scientific friends and co-workers here, as numerous friendships were established at that time which have since then been carefully maintained. His exploration of the Russian Ural, made in connection with Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, added largely to our knowledge of the geology of that country. The labors prosecuted by him in Spain have also taught us much of what we know of the geological structure of that country.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A VERY pleasant feature of the past summer has been the series of excursions for poor children, which has afforded one delightful holiday to thousands of little ones of this city, into whose barren lives there comes too little of childish joy. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, and many other cities have cordially followed this benevolent enterprise, which was inaugurated last year in New York, under the direction of the New York *Times*. A brief sketch of the twelfth excursion, which took place the last week in August, will give our readers in the country some idea of one kind of charitable work which has been carried on steadily and faithfully in the city during the summer months. The trip was to Far Rockaway, and 1913 children were included in it. They chanced to be a very orderly company of little folks, many of them being Germans. They assembled at the foot of Grand Street, were conveyed across the East River in a special boat to Williamsburg, where they took the cars. The route was a novelty to every one, and, between the scenery and the liberally distributed luncheon, the happiness of the children was complete. When Far Rockaway was reached, they seemed enraptured by the sight of the ocean. Arrangements were made for the boys to bathe, and every care taken to prevent accidents. Parties of girls were taken out rowing in small boats, or sailing in two yachts which had been placed at the service of the managers of the excursion. Music, a Punch and Judy show, and sports and games of various kinds filled up the day with joyful amusement. Sandwiches, cake, ice-cream, and milk were freely circulated at appropriate times. The day's pleasure ended, they were landed in New York well and happy, and grateful to those who had given them this holiday. The only case that occurred for the doctor among all these nineteen hundred children was a little boy who cut his foot with a piece of shell or glass; and the rate of expense for each child was a little less than forty-nine cents.

A marked change is observed this season at Hombourg. A large number of highly respectable families have taken up their summer abode there. Fathers and mothers, with their children, now enjoy the promenade of the Casino without having their eyes or ears offended. With the disappearance of the gamblers the bathers and drinkers of the Spa waters have increased to a remarkable extent. Visitors employ their time in promenades and excursions, instead of passing the greater part of the day in the gambling saloons, as formerly was the fashion.

An excellent system has been instituted by the Belgian government, which is designed for the protection of those who are confined in insane asylums, and for the proper regulation of those institutions. Securely locked letter-boxes are to be placed in all the asylums of the country, both public and private, in positions where they will be easily accessible to all the inmates. No officer or attendant of the institution can open them or remove any thing from them. Complaints and suggestions can be made by letter to the authorities concerning any wrong treatment or mismanagement. The boxes are in charge of the *procureur du roi* of the district, and the letters they contain are examined every week by him. Complaints are investigated, and if any one asserts that he is sane, he is ordered to be examined by medical experts. Such an arrangement is worthy of adoption in every country.

A rat-trap with a mirror set in the back part is one of the latest devices of inventive genius. The rat espies the bait, but at the same time sees, or thinks he sees, another rat about to seize it. This he can not endure. He rushes in—and the trap snaps.

The fool-hardy exploit of crossing Niagara on a tight-rope has been again performed, by a rash Italian, accompanied by the additional feat of jumping from the middle of the rope into the river below. The rope, fifteen hundred feet long, was stretched from Prospect Park, on the American side, to the Clifton House, and both shores were crowded with spectators when the hazardous performance commenced. The signor marched along with apparent ease until he reached the middle of the rope, where he stopped and rested; but when, after twenty-five minutes, he reached the opposite side, he was as pale as death. After resting a short time he returned to the middle of the rope, and by means of a rubber cord attached to the rope he made his jump into the water with a loud splash. He was picked up by a boat waiting for that purpose. Such shows as this will be likely to end in tragedy.

It is predicted, as one of the possible practical uses of balloons, that the time will come when mechanics who have to work on church spires and tall buildings will do it by means of balloons, instead of with the dangerous scaffolding now in use.

A lady in Cleveland, Ohio, lately died from fright. She went into the street followed by a small pet dog. One of the dog-killers employed by the city caught sight of the animal, and attempted to get it. The lady called the dog to her, in order to save him from the slayer. The latter, who was but a few paces from her, raised his gun and aimed at the dog beside her. She saw the weapon pointed, as it seemed, directly toward her, and supposing it would be discharged, she screamed with fright and ran home. On entering the house she sank upon the floor, pale, and trembling violently. She was barely able to tell her husband the cause of her fright, and soon afterward was seized with severe convulsions. These continued throughout that and the following day, when, in spite of all that medical skill could do, she sank rapidly and died. The deceased was twenty-one years of age, and had been married five months. She had been in good health, and no other cause than that given above can be assigned for her death.

Thirteen thousand Connecticut children attended no school last year, being kept at home to earn money for their parents. Such is the official statement. Most of these absentee children are employed in manufactories.

A man was recently run over by a Broadway omnibus in this city and killed. It is remarkable that similar casualties do not oftener occur. Our streets are frequently densely crowded with carts, cabs, carriages, and every description of vehicle. The extreme difficulty of crossing the street at many points makes foot-passengers impatient and reckless. There surely ought to be better arrangements made for the comfort, security, and rights of pedestrians in crossing streets. Moreover, although we wonder drivers have so much patience and skill as they often exhibit, yet many drive too rapidly and carelessly, and some do not hesitate to indulge in racing with other stages.

Bugs and worms are causing serious injury to the crops in many sections of the country. The caterpillar and the cotton-worm are ravaging the cotton crop, a black bug, called the silk-worm, and the chinch-bug are spoiling the corn, the midge is damaging the wheat, the potato-bug ceases not its depredations, while grasshoppers eat any thing and every thing that is growing. Farmers in some of the Western States feel quite disheartened by the prospect, but still keep up a little courage in hopes the vexatious insects will finally disappear.

A new style of conversation has been adopted by some very particular young ladies at certain watering-places. If one of this style of fashionables wishes to bathe, she remarks, "I am about to immerse." When she enters the dining-room, she says, "I must attend to my gastronomic duties." This simple way of expressing one's thoughts and intentions is highly pleasing—to the person talking.

Artificial light is often very painful even to those whose natural vision is unimpaired. This effect is attributed by recent investigators to the large proportion of mere caloric rays, which bear no illumination. It is stated that while sunlight contains fifty per cent. only of such rays, gas-light has nearly ninety, electric light eighty, and kerosene light ninety-four. A German chemist announces that he has discovered that by passing any kind of artificial light through a thin layer of alum or mica these caloric rays are absorbed, while the illuminating power of the true light rays is undiminished, and becomes exceedingly mild and pleasant to the eye.

When the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund first began their labors, they were obliged to furnish about one-third of the sum needed for the establishment of a school in the South; now they do not find it necessary to give more than one-sixth. During the past year the trustees of this fund have expended more than $130,000 for free common schools in the South, making, with the amounts contributed by the people, about $1,000,000.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay. "I dreamed," said he, "I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district, an' he axed me wad I drink. Thinks I, wad a duck swim; an' seein' the Innishowen and lemons and sugar on the sideboard, I towld him I didn't care if I tuk a wee drap of punch. 'Cowld or hot?' axed the Pope. 'Hot, your Holiness,' I replied; an' be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the b'ilin' wather, but before he got back I woke straight up. An' now it's distressin' me I didn't take it cowld."

The dressing-gown is the most lasting of all garments: it is seldom worn out.

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece, who was portionless. "The reason, dear aunt," replied the young lady, "is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

A saloon-keeper having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will suit you exactly."

"You are going to have your father's nose," said a mother to her daughter. "I would a great deal rather have my own," was the pert reply.

Smiggins says that his idea of a grain elevator is realized in rye whisky.

"Pretty bad underfoot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes; but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

Young man, spare that bustle!
Touch not a single "pape;"
The woman's had a tussle
To get herself in shape.

THE PLEA OF THE CROW—"Hear me for my caws!"

The boy that recommended a few drops of paregoric on sugar for the child of disquietude has his match in another who, after successfully spelling chicanery, defined it to be a large coop to raise chickens.

A FAVORITE RUSE WITH THE LADIES—Charlotte-Russe.

Tipkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "Oh, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

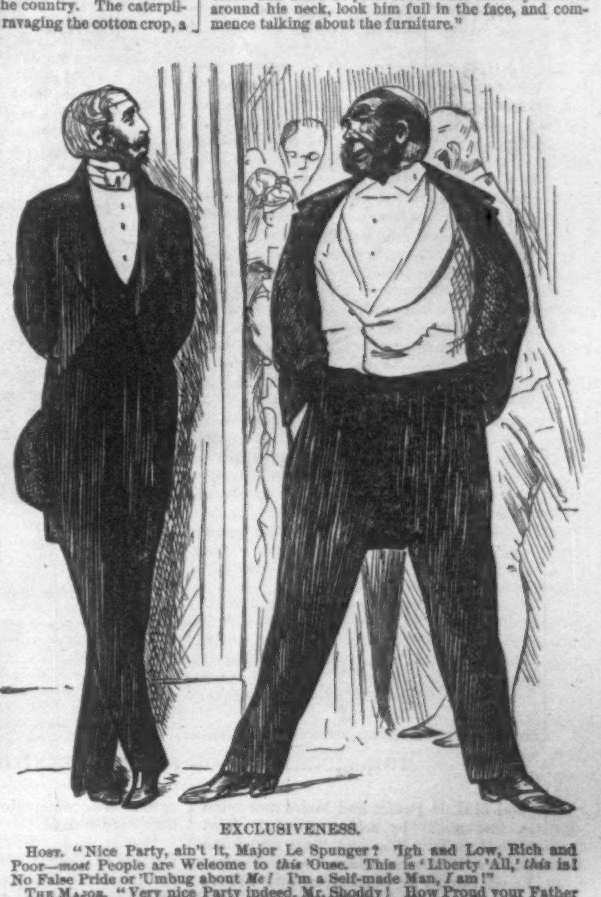
RECIPE FOR MAKING A ROW.—Walk along the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare with a ladder on your shoulder, and turn around every few minutes to see if any one is making faces at you.

A wife should be like roast lamb, tender, sweet, and nicely dressed, with plenty of fixings, but without sauce.

A party of engineers on the Northern Pacific Railroad found, when attacked by the savages, that they were not monarchs of all they surveyed.

The wife of a roofer being asked if she was not afraid to have her husband exposed to such danger, trustfully replied, "Oh, he's insured!"

A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arm around his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture."



EXCLUSIVENESS.

HOST. "Nice Party, ain't it, Major Le Spunger? 'Igh and Low, Rich and Poor—*most* People are Welcome to *this* 'Ouse. This is 'Liberty 'All,' *this* is! No False Pride or 'Umbug about *Me!* I'm a Self-made Man, *I am!*"

THE MAJOR. "Very nice Party indeed, Mr. Shoddy! How Proud your Father and Mother must feel! Are *they* here!"

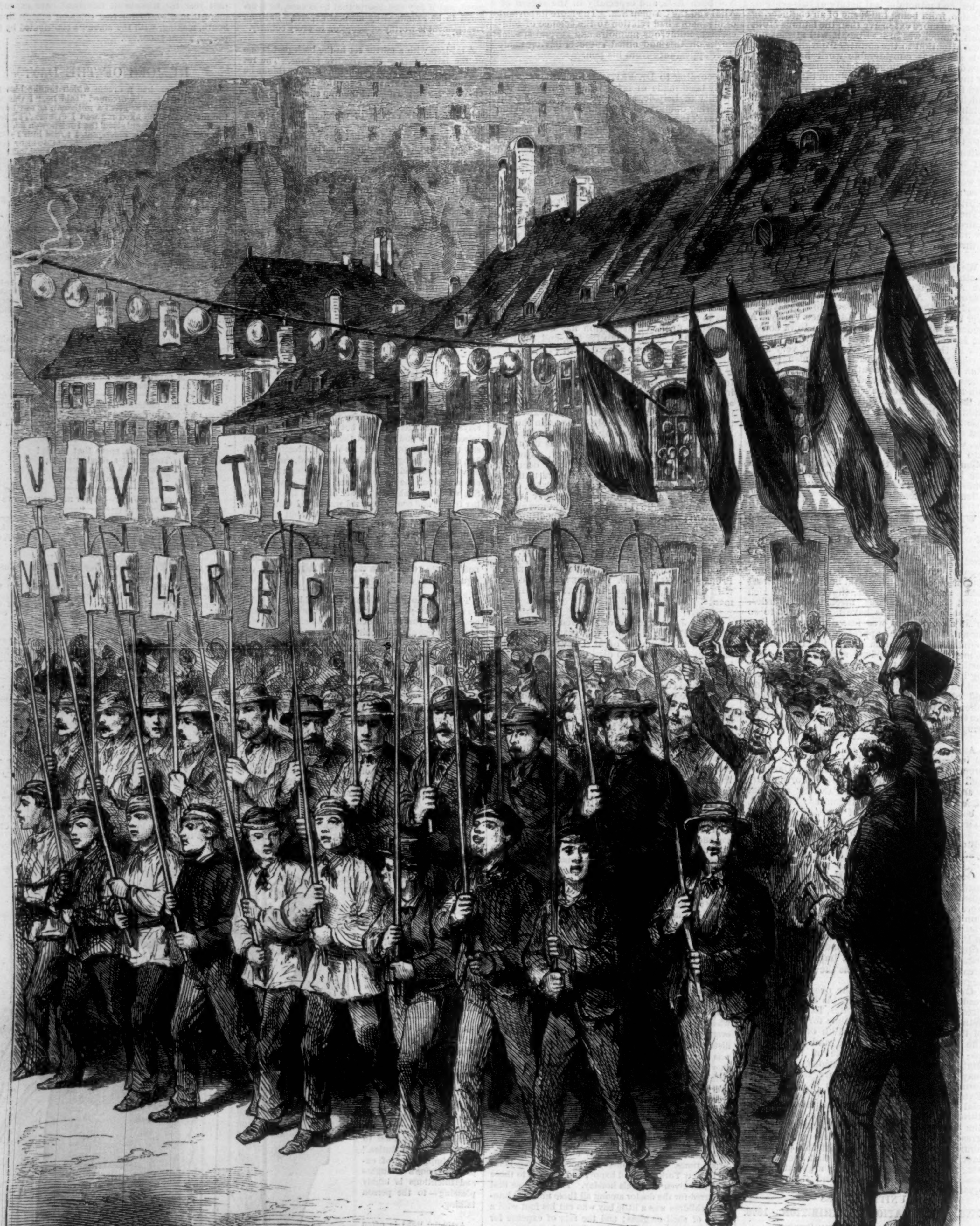
HOST. "Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one *must* draw the Line *somewhere!*"

THE EVACUATION OF BELFORT.

THE last few weeks have been a joyous time for the eastern French provinces. One by one the various towns have been evacuated by the hated Teuton. The smart cocked hats and light *képis* of the French gendarmerie and line have replaced the odious *pickelhauben* of the Germans; and MM. le Préfet and Maire now reign supreme, unchecked by arbitrary orders from Commandant Fritz. The last town remaining in the hands of the invaders—Verdun—was given up on the 2d of September, and France once more was completely free.

Every where has the most lively joy been shown by the inhabitants at the departure of their unwelcome guests. No sooner has the French tricolor replaced the German flag on the fort or town-hall, as the case might be, than the whole streets have been decked out with the national colors, and the whole population have turned out to celebrate the occasion by shouting "Hurrah for THIERS and the republic!" and uproariously welcoming the French troops as they have arrived.

Belfort, it may be remembered, was the only fortress in France which did not surrender to the Germans, the garrison marching out with all the honors of war on the conclusion of peace. Nevertheless, for two years and a half the gallant town has had to bear the miseries of a foreign occupation. Time is said to heal all things, but it has done nothing to lessen the bitterness between the French and their conquerors. "During the whole of the sojourn of the troops," writes a correspondent of the London *Times*, "not one Frenchman has shaken hands with a German, and 7000 soldiers have parted from 8000 towns-people without either having exchanged a word of good-will." Thus, on the 3d of August, when, at 3 A.M., the word "*Rechts ab*" was given to the German troops drawn up for the last time before the guard-house, it was not unnatural that the Belfortians should give free vent to their joy. The streets were thronged with thousands of visitors, the houses were decorated from every window, every body shook hands with every body else, and the tricolor fluttered in all directions, from the castle to the rosette on the humblest flyman's horse's head. In the evening there was a general illumination and a lamp-light procession, where, as the sketch on this page represents, the universal sentiments of "Long live THIERS and the Republic!" were every where expressed in letters of fire. M. THIERS is greatly beloved by the liberated provinces, where he is regarded not only as the liberator of France, but as the only prop of the republic, now thought to be in such peril from the machinations of "those monarchists at Versailles."

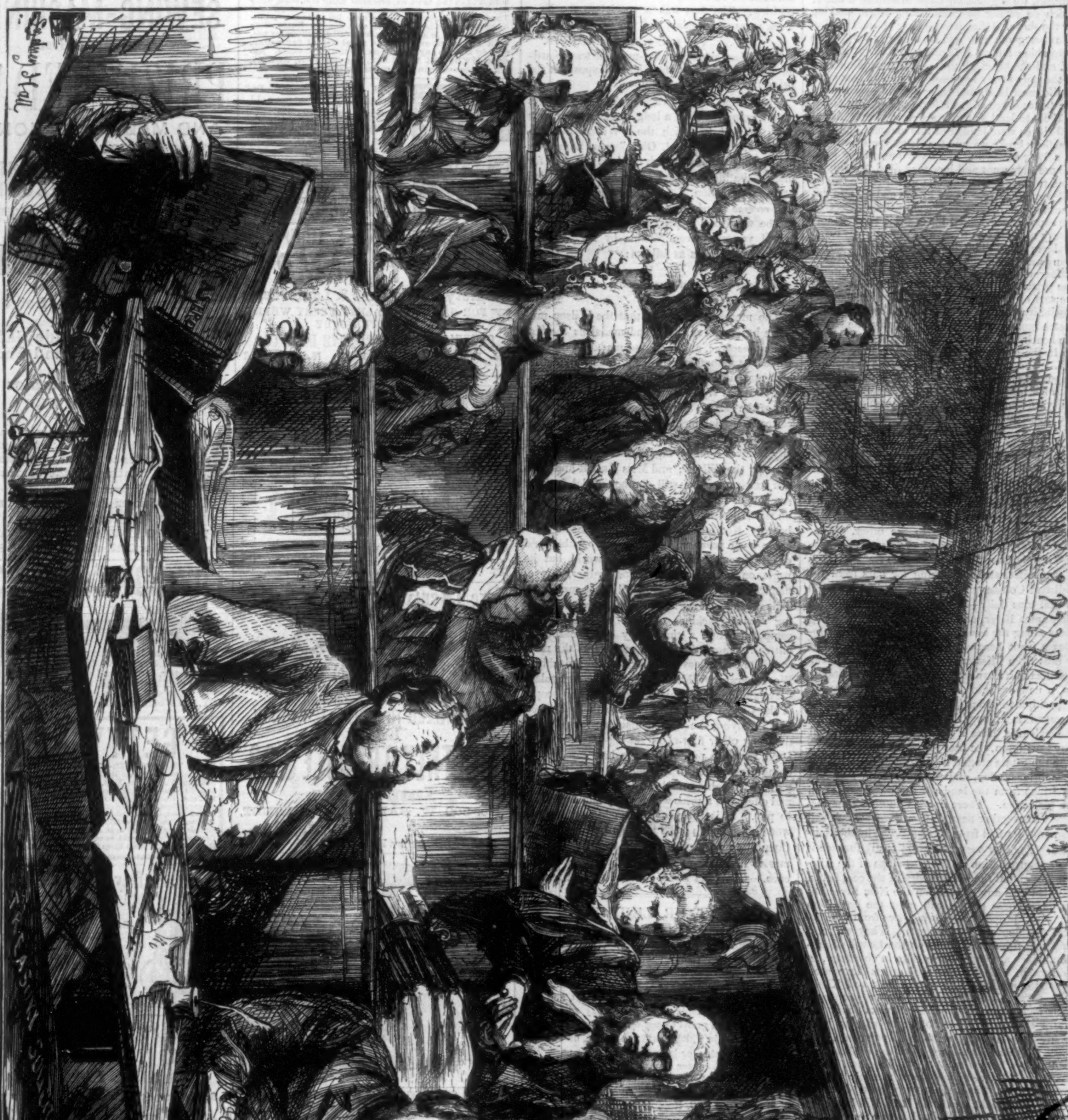


THE LIBERATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY—REJOICINGS AT BELFORT ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE GERMAN TROOPS.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

This celebrated case, which still, "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along," continues to attract crowds of spectators to the Court of Queen's Bench. The rush to the seaside during the hot and sultry weeks of August relieved the pressure a little; but there are many persons who appear to be fascinated by the "claimant" and his case, and totally unable to keep away from the court. One of them is the gentleman whose constant attendance and intense interest have earned him the title of the Tichborne Bond-holder, and whose portrait occupies a prominent position in the group in the engraving on this page. Most of the other persons represented attend not from choice, but from necessity, and we dare say would be glad, if it were possible, to adopt the recent pictorial suggestion of a comic contemporary, and go on with the case upon the beach at Ramsgate, Margate, or Brighton. There is the Crown Solicitor, with the tremendous responsibility of the whole case upon his shoulders. There are the advocates "pro and con," watching each other with marvelous acuteness, ready at a moment's notice with an "I object, m' lud," if any thing not strictly legal should be attempted. There are the patient jurymen trying with all their might to follow the intricacies of the case, that when the end does come they may give a just verdict. There is, or rather was, Mr. Whalley, the claimant's Parliamentary champion, who is now on his way home from his mysterious mission to this country, and there is the great mystery himself—Orton, Castro, or Tichborne?—sitting (as his advocate, Dr. Kenealy, has said) with penal servitude in one scale and the Tichborne estate in the other, and probably thinking of the next pigeon-shooting match. Close by him sits young Bogle, like an attendant familiar.

The moment chosen by the artist for his sketch is when some particularly startling statement has just been made by Dr. Kenealy, something which is looked upon by the other side as a "buster." Mr. Hawkins looks up at the bench expecting the Lord Chief Justice to stop the speaker, while Dr. Kenealy, who spoke twenty-two days in succession, goes on endeavoring to convince the jury that his client is one of the most injured and maligned of men, while the defendant himself looks up at the jury with a pitiful, appealing expression. The body of the court is occupied by persons of all shades of opinion, which may be easily read upon their countenances—the judges alone preserving that inflexibility of feature which makes it difficult to guess in what direction or to what extent their minds are influenced by the arguments "pro and con."



Crown Solicitor. Mr. C. Barber. Mr. Hawkins, Q. C. Mr. J. Bowker. Mr. Bowen. Sergeant Parry. Tichborne Bond-holder. Treasury Solicitor. Mr. M'Mahon. Dr. Kenealy. The Defendant. Andrew Bogle, Jun. Mr. G. H. Whalley, M. P.

THE TICHBORNE CASE—"PRO AND CON"—A SKETCH OF THE COURT DURING DR. KENEALY'S SPEECH.

DESTRUCTION OF A SLAVE DHOW.

THE incident illustrated in the engraving on page 797 is described in the following recent letter from an officer on board the English war steamer *Magpie*, now stationed at Zanzibar: "When steaming to the southward, along the Arabian coast, on our way to Zanzibar to join the admiral, we sighted, off Cape Madraka, a dhow, which on seeing us immediately began making for the shore. Of course we gave chase, knowing what her game was, and steaming as hard as we were able; but we did not succeed in cutting her off, and she beached, through a tremendous surf, in the only sandy bay near. We then saw some of the crew land, and those left on board threw the slaves overboard, while those on shore assisted them to land as they were washed up. About 150 slaves were landed in this manner, and then the dhow broke up, and the slaves were conveyed in a long straggling line away toward the hills. Where they went and how they lived it is impossible to imagine, as there is no water for twenty miles round, so far as we know, and it is an uncommonly thirsty-looking spot. The object of the captain in wrecking his vessel in this extraordinary manner was to save as much of his cargo of slaves as possible, though his chance of saving many was very doubtful. But slavers will always endeavor to do the like if they can; and many fine prizes are lost in this way, especially where the surf on the beach is sufficient to prevent the possibility of our landing and following. The sketch represents the dhow just before she struck the beach. Her stern was seen to be lifted high up in the air at the same time she lowered her sail. The headland in the distance is Ras, or Cape Khashaïm. The *Magpie* is represented with her topmasts housed, and her lower and top-sail yards on deck, as she was steaming against the monsoon."

EXPANSION OF IRON AND COAL INDUSTRIES INTO NEW FIELDS.

THE development of the iron and coal fields contiguous to the route is proceeding rapidly since the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has established communication from one to the other. Near Clifton Forge, the "Low Moor" Iron Company, of Virginia, have completed a side track of nearly two miles, and are asking for cars from the Railroad Company with which to ship from 100 to 300 tons daily—part of it to the shipping in the James River, and part of it to the iron furnaces along the banks of the Ohio, where it supplies a want heretofore only to be filled except by ores from Missouri or Lake Superior. Near the Elizabeth Furnace, a few miles west of Staunton, a new ore mine, with all the appliances for large shipments, has been opened. The Messrs. FIRMSTONE, among the largest iron-makers of Pennsylvania, have a furnace now half erected near Covington, the ores for which will be drawn from the estate around it, the limestone from the Greenbrier Valley, and the coal (both fuel and smelting) from the lands of the same parties on the Kanawha. There is also another new furnace constructing near Clifton Forge, which will also draw its fuel from the Kanawha by the Railroad. Another very large and costly furnace is under construction on the west slope of the Alleghanies and at the eastern edge of the coal fields, situated on Laurel Creek, on the New River Division. These parties will mine the coal from their own property, and bring ores from the several rich deposits further east. They will also ship coal from their mines on the Lewell Mountain, which are exceedingly pure in character, to tide water. Eight new coal mines have been opened along the Road on the New and Kanawha River Divisions, and are now preparing their inclines, shoots, and side tracks ready for active shipments. Five other operations have secured the lands by actual cash payments, and will open their mines as soon as the facilities for loading can be got ready. "Altogether, it appears," say travelers who have recently passed over the route, "as if the westernmost 300 miles of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road will be about one of the busiest lines in the country; and it will not be long before a clustering line of furnaces, mills, and mines will be strung along the road from Staunton to Huntington on the Ohio River.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AT VIENNA.

IT is announced that the specimens of boots and shoes and other leather work that have taken the highest premium at the Vienna Exposition were stitched on Wheeler & Wilson's New Sewing-Machine No. 6, which is adapted to a much wider range of work in leather and cloth than any other machine in existence.

When we consider in this connection that their Family Sewing-Machine was the first introduced into the household for general use, and for more than twenty years has stood unrivaled, we do not wonder that this Company has received at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the *Grand Medal for Merit* and the *Grand Medal for Progress* since receiving the highest premiums at former World's Expositions, besides being the *only Sewing-Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor.*—[*Com.*]

INSTEAD of Bitter use Sweet Quinine.—[*Com.*]

A GRAND MEDAL FOR CLEVELAND.

THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE TAKES THE GRAND PRIZE AT VIENNA.

THREE separate dispatches from Vienna combine to dispel all doubt as to what sewing-machine has won the first honors of the great Exposition. The first was a special to the New York press on Monday, and was as follows:

VIENNA, August 15, 1873.

The Wilson shuttle sewing-machine was awarded the grand prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best sewing-machine.

The second was the regular Associated Press report, compiled from a long special to the New York *Herald*, in which the "Wilson Sewing-Machine, of Cleveland, Ohio," was named as among the exhibitors which received "medals for merit," the highest class of premiums awarded at the Exposition. *All other sewing-machines will receive simply an award for progress.*

The third was a private cable telegram received yesterday from Vienna by Mr. WILSON himself, which was as follows:

VIENNA, August 19.

You have received five medals—two for merit and three co-operative.

The meaning of this is, that the Wilson machine has received the grand medal *as the best sewing-machine*, and a second medal as the machine best manufactured—that is, embodying the best mechanical workmanship. Besides these, Mr. GEORGE W. BAKER, Assistant Superintendent of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, receives a special medal for excellence of workmanship on the machine; Mr. WILLIAMS of this city receives a medal for best sewing on leather, done by the Wilson; and Miss BROCK and Miss DE LUSSEY receive still another medal for best samples of family sewing and embroidery, done on the Wilson machine. This sweeps the entire board. Not only has the Wilson Sewing-Machine been pronounced the most capable and efficient sewing-machine in the world, but its work, on both dry goods and leather, is pronounced superior to that of all other machines. This verdict at a world's Fair, where all the leading sewing-machines of both continents have competed before a thoroughly competent committee for more than three months, is the most complete triumph ever won by a sewing-machine. We congratulate Mr. WILSON, we congratulate Cleveland on this admirable result. The people of the United States can henceforth be assured that in buying the Wilson machine for $20 less than any other first-class sewing-machine is offered, they are purchasing the best sewing-machine ever offered to the public. It is the people's own machine, made to do the people's work, and offered at a price which every one can afford to pay. It is the people's machine which has won this triumph; the judgment of the Vienna Committee only confirms the verdict that the masses had long ago reached by actual experience.—*Cleveland Daily Leader*, August 20.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

HAS cured more wonderful cases of rheumatism, aches, pains, swellings, frost-bites, caked-breasts, burns, scalds, salt-rheum, etc., upon the human frame, and strains, spavin, galls, etc., upon animals in one year than all other pretended remedies have since the world began. The recipe of the Liniment and certificates of remarkable cures accompany each bottle, and will be sent gratis to any one. It is no humbug. There is no pain which it will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, or lameness it will not cure. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. White Wrapper for family use; the Yellow Wrapper for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles, $1 00. J. B. ROSE & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

THE best "ELASTIC TRUSS" in the world is now sold by POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y., for Three Dollars. ☞ Write to them for full particulars.

BOGUS VIENNA PREMIUMS.

As we have taken ALL of the GRAND MEDALS awarded to sewing-machines and work done on sewing-machines at the Vienna Exposition, which fact has been announced in the newspapers by Associated Press telegrams (*over which we have had no control*), and consequently is unquestionable evidence, we deem it due to to ourselves to caution the public against the BOGUS CLAIMS and paid advertisements of our vanquished competitors.

WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY.

Cleveland, O., August 18, 1873.

THREE PAIR Best 2-Button Kid Gloves, **$2 75**; single pair sent, postpaid, $1 00. Also, a well-selected stock of Millinery Goods, Laces, Dress-Trimmings, &c. Price-List sent free on application.
J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

IRVING INSTITUTE, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON. Address ARMAGNAC & ROWE, Principals.

WEBSTER'S PATENT
BUTTON HOLE WORKER

Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.
Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes are not effected by heat, cold, drought, or dampness, and therefore commend themselves to all.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES Commend themselves to all sensible parents, as with them their children's shoes will wear three times longer than without.

THE PERKINS & HOUSE
SAFETY LAMPS,
Safety Filling Cans & Lanterns,
☞ FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERY WHERE.
MANUFACTURED BY
CLEVELAND NON-EXPLOSIVE LAMP CO.,
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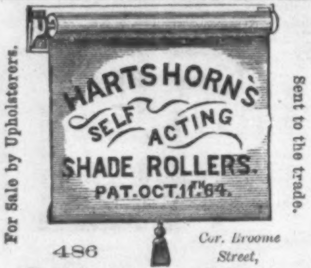
No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.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Sent to the trade.

Save Twenty Per Cent. by Buying
GUNS,
BREECH & MUZZLE LOADING,
Selected by one of our firm in Europe from most reliable manufacturers,
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION,
From
POULTNEY, TRIMBLE & CO.
Importers,
No. 200 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
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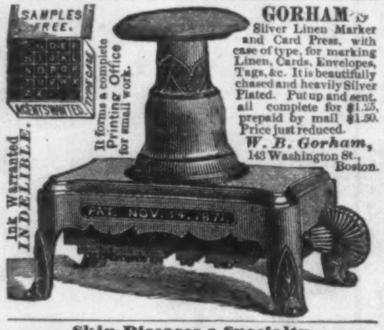
Send for DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.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AGENTS WANTED.
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It forms a complete Printing Office for small work.
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GORHAM'S Silver Linen Marker and Card Press, with case of type, for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, Tags, &c. It is beautifully chased and heavily Silver Plated. Put up and sent, all complete for $1.25, prepaid by mail $1.50. Price just reduced.
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Skin Diseases a Specialty.

DR. J. M. VANDYKE, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is the only regular physician that makes the treatment of Skin Diseases a specialty. Those who wish to consult him, either in person or by letter, will find him to be first-class in his specialty.

Skin Diseases and their Symptoms.

ACNE, (PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS).—Symptoms—Hard, small pimples with black points; affect the forehead, cheeks, and nose of both sexes.

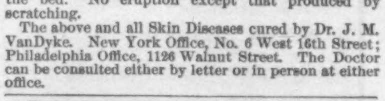
ECZEMA, (TETTER).—Symptoms—Blisters form, which burst and dry into a yellowish or dark crust, may be in the form of scales; affects all parts of the body.

WOMEN'S RED RASH OF THE FACE.—Symptoms—Congestion of the skin of the face, with red patches and red spots, pimples, and roughness of the skin.

BARBER'S ITCH.—Symptoms—First, a red, itchy patch is seen, mattery pustules form, become quite hard, and shaving becomes painful. A burning sensation is present.

PRURIGO, (INTENSE ITCHING), Which begins when the clothing is removed; increased by the warmth of the bed. No eruption except that produced by scratching.

The above and all Skin Diseases cured by Dr. J. M. VanDyke. New York Office, No. 6 West 16th Street; Philadelphia Office, 1126 Walnut Street. The Doctor can be consulted either by letter or in person at either office.



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In Use Ten Years.
A good article, well recommended, and suitable for either steep or flat roofs. Send for Circular and Samples. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

BRICK-Dust Depost. See specimens and certificates of cure by use of Constitution Water. 59 John St.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

VIENNA PREMIUMS.

THE WILSON SHUTTLE
SEWING-MACHINES
Received the Grand
PRIZE MEDAL
AND MEDAL OF HONOR
FOR THE
BEST SEWING-MACHINE,
THE BEST MADE SEWING-MACHINES,
AND THREE
Co-Operative Medals
FOR
The Best Made Set of Harness,
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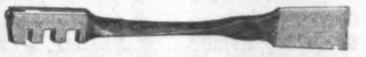
The Best Boot and Shoe Work,
And the Best Samples of Cloth Sewing.

No other Sewing-Machines received Premiums on their merits, which we will prove by evidence at our office, and that all reports relating to the contrary are false.

Machines Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.
SALESROOM:
707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
And all other Cities in the United States.

LOVEJOY'S New Style GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE.



Is a better tool for cutting glass than any thing ever offered for the purpose. Any child can use it. Every housekeeper, farmer, and mechanic should have one. Sent in neat box, prepaid, to any address upon receipt of 50 cents and letter stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 Washington Street, Boston.

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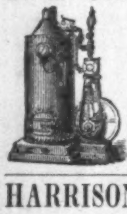
KATALYSINE WATER.—THE GREAT MEDICINE OF NATURE. Endorsed by the Highest Medical Authorities.—Restores the Paralytic, and Vigor to the Aged. Dissolves Calculi and "Chalky" Deposits; Cures Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, and Skin, Abdominal Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhœa, Constipation, Asthma, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, General Debility, and nearly every class of Chronic Disease. Pamphlets containing History of the Spring, and Testimonials from Medical Journals, Eminent Physicians, and Distinguished Citizens, sent FREE by mail by WHITNEY BROS., Gen'l Agents, 227 South Front St., Phila. For sale by all druggists.

N. Y. Safety Steam Power Co.,
30 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.



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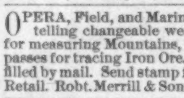

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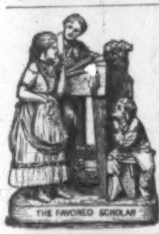

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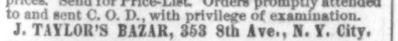
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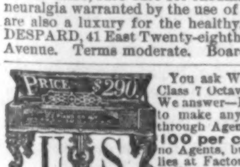

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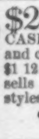

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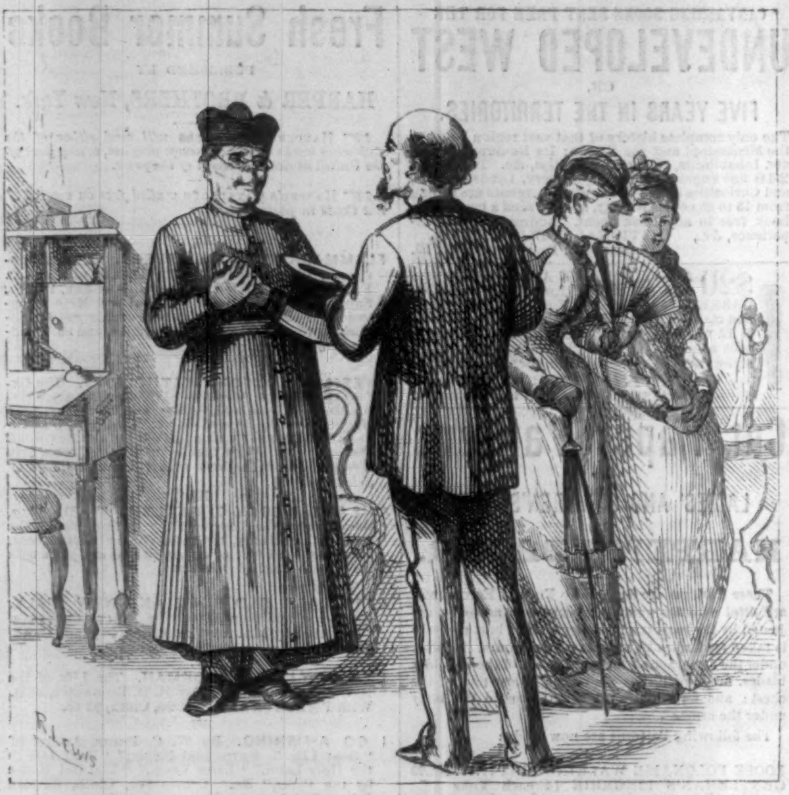

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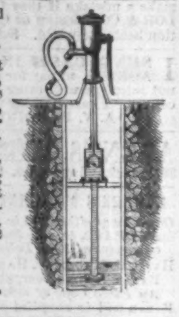

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Now in use.
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[A BRILLIANT STORY, COMPLETE.]

VILLAGE TYRANTS.

A Dramatic Story.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

COMBE DINGLE ought to be sacred to romance. It is a valley of cottages, with a stream running down the centre and turning a mill. The brook is full of cresses, and in summer it blooms with flowers that rival the buds and blossoms on its banks.

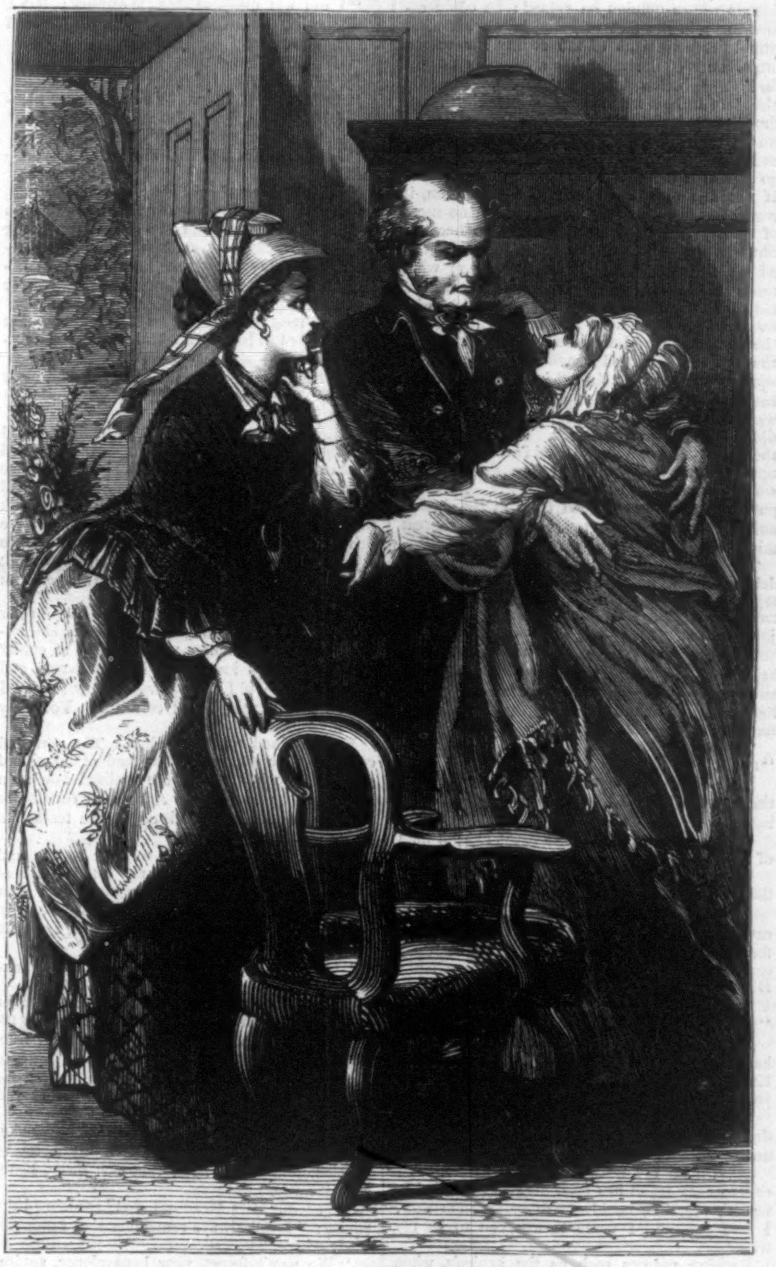
One of the prettiest objects in the valley not long ago was the cottage of Luke Meadows, with its rustic garden seats, its cluster of monthly roses over the door, and its windows full of plants. At the opening of our story Luke was little better than a laborer on the farm of Mr. Peter North; but in his day he had been a prosperous man, cultivating his own land. Partly through bad management and partly from ill luck, Meadows had lost his property, and gradually sunk into the position in which we now find him.

Though philosophers may urge that adversity brings valuable experience and adventitious gain, few who have struggled hard for one darling object can calmly accept the mere logical theory. Luke Meadows was struck down not so much on account of his own fond ambition being frustrated, but because his affliction came upon him at a time when he hoped that he would have amassed a fortune sufficient to secure a competency for his only child. But all these hopes were ruthlessly destroyed. The once happy homestead was now in the possession of another; and Luke, at an advanced age, having been accustomed for many years to the comforts of an ample income, had now to have recourse to manual labor, which was the more humiliating in proportion as it contrasted with the position of respect and importance he once occupied among his neighbors. He obtained employment from Farmer North, a political magnate in the village, and rented from him the little cottage which, even among the carefully kept houses of the village, was conspicuous for the spotless whiteness of its walls and the luxuriance of its garden.

Kate was the belle of the village—not that this acknowledged honor was difficult to secure in the secluded hamlet of Combe Dingle—indeed, she would have commanded attention in any social assemblage where health, beauty, and unassuming grace elicit the admiration of men or attract the jealous comment of women. Though the features of her face might not have borne the closest criticism according to æsthetic canons, yet their combination made up the highest effect of beauty. Every detail of her dress was arranged with a simple elegance which suggested that perfect result of art which is said to consist in concealing it. This might be attributed in some degree to her education, for Luke Meadows was intelligent enough to understand the importance of schooling, even to a woman who looked no higher than the hope of some day being an honest farmer's wife. She was usually dressed in a light print, and as she tended her little garden she looked more like the village maiden of a domestic drama than the simple daughter of Luke Meadows. She was as amiable as pretty, as useful as she was lovable. On Sunday she played the harmonium in the village church, and once or twice a week assisted the mistress of the parish schools in her educational duties. With such charms and accomplishments it was not surprising that Kate had many admirers. She might easily have made an eligible match; but, like many other good women, she had indiscreetly disposed of her youthful affections. The fortunate youth was Tom North, the son of the farmer from whom Luke Meadows rented his cottage.

Tom was a good-for-nothing. Perhaps he should not have been blamed for the particular bent in which his mind was directed, for he had been brought up after those narrow principles of strict discipline which induce nothing but deceit and hypocrisy. He did not smoke; he did not drink; he was at church every Sunday; he was the boast of his father, who contrasted the sober religious habits of his son with the dissipated youth of the village. But when beyond the pale of his father's influence, the dark side of Tom's character was revealed. Of Kate's regard for him he boasted in tones of coarse bravado. He liked to be seen with her, though he never entertained the notion of making her his wife. He cultivated this close acquaintance in order to triumph over his rivals and prove the effects of his own good looks and unblemished reputation. To Kate, however, he proposed everlasting love. He asked her to wait for him until he had reconciled his father to their mutual plans. To his father, who had frequently remonstrated with him on account of his intimacy with Luke Meadows and his daughter, Tom North had made a solemn declaration that he had no intention of marrying Kate Meadows, and that he would never marry without his father's consent.

Mr. Peter North, Tom's father, was generally regarded as the chief tyrant of the village. His farm was situated at the extreme end of the valley; the house was a substantial old homestead, thoroughly well managed so far as a regularly arranged system of domestic economy could secure that result. Whatever objection might be made on general grounds to Mrs. North's mode of carrying on the business of her household, there was no doubt that through its agency the tenant of Manor Farm secured a handsome yearly income. Farmer North was a demagogue, holding opinions so extreme that they might be described as rabid. Nor was he without opportunities of ventilating his peculiarly advanced notions of political science. Not only did occasion frequently arise in Combe Dingle for showing his emphatically enunciated repugnance to vestries in general and church-wardens in particular, but he also seized every available gathering for a public display of his rhetorical powers in the neighboring city of Bristowe. There he denounced pretty well every thing and every body except Peter North, to whose unerring sagacity and wisdom he always bore the highest testimony.



MRS NORTH INTERCEDING FOR HER SON.

In the neighborhood of Combe Dingle lived another tyrant, though of a different type. Instead of exercising tyrannical rule for the sake of showing his own power, he was one of that amiable class of territorial lords who insist on taking an interest in every thing connected with their tenantry, and who vigorously resent the interference of any body in legislating for the particular district over which they rule. Above the valley, overlooking "the never-failing brook, the busy mill," stood the residence of Squire Westbury. The squire was a thorough Tory, an earnest and conscientious supporter of church and state; he was handsome and athletic, and fond of sport. Few of his neighbors went straighter across country than he, and his success in the shooting season entitled him to the reputation of being the best shot in that part of the country. At petty sessions he was one of the most painstaking of magistrates. There was, however, one forensic institution in which, appearing not as a judge but as a pleader, he did not make so brilliant a mark; this was the Court of Cupid, albeit he was a good-looking fellow, and comparatively young, not being more than forty-five years of age. A skeptic upon the sincerity of woman's devotion, he was always on guard against the ladies of the neighborhood, especially the match-making mammas, by whom he was vigorously assailed at every archery-meeting, bazar, and other social or festive gatherings held at Combe Dingle. His credulity, though it went so far as an expression of faith in the chief of his own party, did not extend to a belief in women.

Squire Westbury was unjust enough to imagine that every single woman who smiled upon him had a design, not upon his heart, but upon his money. This idea became a mania with him. He vowed that if he should ever seek a wife, he would follow the example of the Lord of Burleigh, and ask for the lady's hand and heart in the guise of poverty. This, at all events, was the sort of philosophy which he preached among his familiar friends. In general company he rarely said any thing; he was suspicious of womanhood, and consequently assumed an air of diffidence, which some construed into bashfulness.

There was one young lady, however, in whose presence he unbent. This was Kate Meadows, whom he frequently met as he moved about the village inquiring into the affairs of his tenants. Squire Westbury felt that he was safe with Kate. Moreover, he liked her. She talked well upon most subjects, and she knew all that was going on. He felt no constraint in her presence, and she was such a practical little woman in her way, that no one for a moment would dream of a flirtation going on between her and the big, bashful, woman-hating squire. Besides, every body knew that Kate was fond of young North; every body knew and regretted it.

There are pure high-minded women who seem as blind as Titania. Kate Meadows was almost the laughing-stock of Combe Dingle on account of her regard for Tom North. If she had not been so pretty, and so very wise too, upon every thing except the character of Farmer North's prodigy son, she would indeed have been ridiculed by the whole village; but instead of that she was pitied, while Tom was hated by every man and woman in the place. It was only poor Titania who did not see Bottom's ugly snout and ears.

On the pleasant summer afternoon which opens our story, Squire Westbury was ambling down the village on his sturdy cob, when he saw Farmer North leaving Luke Meadows's cottage. The farmer was evidently in a passion; he banged the cottage door behind him, swung back the garden gate, and stalked out into the road clinching his fist and betraying other signs of strong emotion.

"Hi! farmer!" called the squire; "Mr. North, a word with you."

But Mr. North took no notice of the squire, who sat looking after the stalwart figure of the radical farmer as it disappeared behind a clump of foliage at the bend of the road. Then he alighted, tied his horse to the garden railings, and tapped at the cottage door with his heavy whip.

Kate Meadows opened the door, and wiped her eyes.

"What is the matter, Miss Meadows?"

The squire always addressed her with marked respect.

"Oh, Mr. Westbury, pray do not ask," said Kate, smoothing her apron, and looking on the ground.

"But I must ask," said the squire, "I must ask."

"We are to leave the cottage," said Kate.

"Leave the cottage! Why?"

"Mr. North has discharged father, says we are a bad lot, and he will have no more to do with us," said Kate, her eyes flashing angrily.

"What does he mean by that? We will see. Don't be alarmed, Miss Meadows, don't be alarmed; have no fear for your father or the cottage."

"I would rather there should be no disturbance about it, Mr. Westbury, and I am sure that is my father's wish; we can go away—it is not much we get from Mr. North; and, besides, he has turned his son out-of-doors. Oh, Sir, if you could prevail upon him to forgive the boy and take him back!"

"That hurts you more than leaving the cottage, eh?" said the squire, in a tone of regret.

Kate held her head down and blushed.

"There, don't be downhearted. You and your father shall be taken care of. And as for Tom, why, I'll go and see what his tyrant of a father has got to say about him."

As the squire was riding along the road toward Peter North's house he encountered the farmer himself, who had just turned round with the intention of saying something if possible more bitter to Kate Meadows than any thing he had previously uttered.

"Well, North," said the squire, "I am sorry to hear that you are going to turn out the Meadowses. Surely you couldn't have better tenants; and Kate—"

"I'm not going to change my decision for any one; and what business have you with my affairs?"

To do him justice, Peter North never concealed his dislike for territorial magnates, and now he strongly resented the squire's interference with his own course of action.

"It's the old story," said the farmer; "you want to tyrannize over every body; the lord of the manor I suppose must, to do justice to his position."

The farmer, like every other man with a resistless will of his own, contended that any one who opposed him was arbitrary and dictatorial.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said the farmer, "when a man can't do as he likes with his own property. I'll not be dictated to by any one. The Meadowses are a cunning, designing lot, and out they must go."

"I don't want to influence you, my friend," replied the squire. "This is not a question of politics; if it were, I shouldn't attempt to speak to you; it is really a matter of humanity, and I make bold to intercede with you for poor Luke Meadows and his daughter."

"There isn't the slightest use in your talking; out they'll go, and that before the week is over. I've turned my son out, and I'll settle this business in my own way. I've paid illegal imposts and church-rates—"

Peter North couldn't forget, even in his anger, that he was a politician.

"I've paid tithes and church-rates for thirty years, against protest certainly, but still I've paid them, and I'm not going to be spoken to now as if I were a child, and didn't know how to dispose of my own property. When my lease is up, you can do what you like with my land; until then, I'll submit to the dictation of no man."

The squire saw there was no use in pressing the subject further, and so he closed the interview by turning his horse's head in an opposite direction to that in which the farmer was going.

Meanwhile Tom North called at the cottage to say good-by to Kate.

"Oh, Tom, it grieves me more than I can say to part with you thus," said Kate, her heart almost broken.

"Never mind, it can't be helped; I shall get work, I dare say. I wish you could come along with me," said Tom, slouching into a chair and laying down his bag.

"Where shall you go, dear?" said the girl, standing fondly by his side, and letting her hand fall upon his, as if by accident.

"Don't know yet," he said, putting his arm carelessly round her waist. "Suppose you know why he's turned me out?"

"Yes," faltered the girl.

"Because I'm too thick at the Meadowses."

"Tom dear, shall I go to him, and kneel at his feet, and—"

"No, it's no good; it's all over; we'd better get married, eh?"

The notion seemed to fire Tom with a gleam of something like love. He put his arms round Kate and kissed her. Titania laid her head on Bottom's shoulder, and, despite the surrounding miseries of her position, she was happy.

"Take me, Tom, if you will. I am ready to follow you through the world, to beg or starve by your side," said Kate, looking up into his dull animal face with her bright loving eyes, and for a moment setting fire to the great hulking log.

"Come now," said Tom; "no time like the present."

"Ah, I wish I could," said Kate.

"Well, why can't you?" Tom asked, looking at her with a sudden flush in his face which Kate mistook for love.

"We are not married, Tom," said the girl.

"We can get married yonder," he said, pointing in the direction of Bristowe.

"Tom!" exclaimed the girl.

"I suppose you're afraid to trust me," said Tom. "You are like the rest."

"My dear Tom!" exclaimed the girl.

"I know, I know; we'll have no scene about it. I know you are right; but I'm sick of right, I've had so much of it here."

Tom withdrew his arm from the girl's waist and frowned at the open door, where the sun was playing hide-and-seek with the waving shadows of the rose-trees.

"You are angry," said Kate, sadly.

"No, I am not, my dear. You are too good for me; every thing is too good for me; I'm tired of it all. Not of you, love—no, not of you; but I feel as if I'm glad the governor has turned me out; I feel as if I didn't care for any thing, or what becomes of me."

"My dear Tom, you should strive against such feelings; they are not natural to you; and it breaks my heart to hear you talk in this fashion," said Kate, creeping to his side again, and looking into his face with her soul in her eyes.

"Yes, I know; I'm very sorry; I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Kate. I sometimes wish you didn't care any thing about me; I'm not the sort of fellow for your husband."

"Then you do not love me?" said Kate, suddenly standing aloof with flashing eyes.

"Who could help loving you?" said Tom, calmly; "the prettiest girl in the county, and with every body wanting to be your sweetheart. Why, Kate, people hate me because you like me best—nay, don't turn away, I do love you. Come with me now, and we'll be married, and I'll go straight away and seek my fortune, and come back to you."

The girl's sudden and unexpected anger had touched Tom's vanity. He put his arm round her and kissed her. She did not speak.

"What do you say, Kate?"

"Give me until to-morrow," she said, slowly and sadly.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Tom; "all right. Good-by!"

Before Kate had time to reply he had kissed her again and was gone. She followed him with her eyes as he walked into the road. Presently he turned, and kissed his hand to her; but she only stood and gazed vacantly after him; stood and looked, with her hand upon her heart, her great eyes wide open, and a distraught expression upon her face.

If you had been passing that way, you would have been struck with the loveliness of the whole scene. The sun fell in a flood of tender golden light on the cottage, deepening the color of the roses that hung over the door, and lighting up the splendor of Kate's gold-brown hair. A thrush was singing joyously among the waxen flowers of a chestnut-tree that flung a warm shadow upon the lichen and mosses that made velvet patches upon the cottage roof. The figure of the pretty girl at the door might have been put in specially as a finishing symbol of happiness and peace. Yet a writ of ejectment against the occupants of the cottage was in course of signature, and the fair girl at the door was looking out into a future as dark and dangerous as the simoom in the desert.

SCENE II.—ANOTHER PARTING.

They were packing their goods, Luke and his daughter—packing up for the removal upon which Farmer North insisted. It was a matter of principle with him, he told the squire, to settle the business in this way. He did not know that even money would tempt him, though all things gave way to the judicious practice of political economy. The squire offered a large sum in proportion to the value, if the farmer would give up his lease of the farm and cottage altogether; but Mr. North declined these overtures from the territorial tyrant of Combe Dingle.

Squire Westbury was sorely puzzled. He had offered the poor people another cottage, but Kate was firm in declining the squire's kindly services. No, she would not think it right to accept a cottage from the squire. She had her reasons, she said. Mr. Westbury put the case to her in every possible way, but without avail. What, then, were they going to do? Luke Meadows said they had a cousin in Bristowe; they should accept his hospitality for a while. For his own part he would gladly have had the cottage offered by the squire, he said; but Kate was firm, and he not only relied upon her judgment, but he loved her too well not to let her have her own way.

So they were packing up when the squire called. Kate was as busy as a bee and as pretty as a butterfly. Arms bared, hair bound tightly to her head, a short frock that showed her ankles, she looked a very type of rural beauty. Old Meadows was grumbling over his task, while Kate cheered him on with merry chatter and words full of hope and enterprise.

The squire sat upon a trunk and contemplated the work.

"Go on," he said; "don't let me interrupt you—go on with your work; that is, if you do not mind an old friend sitting by."

"No, Sir," said Luke, respectfully; "if you will look over our want of duty in not 'tending on you while you stay."

"All right, Luke; all I ask is that you won't mind me unless I can help you. Let me lift that box down for you, Miss Kate," said the squire, going promptly to Kate's assistance.

"You are very good, Mr. Westbury," said Kate, transferring the load; "and now I am going to rest a little."

"I came with the hope that I might have a word or two with Miss Kate alone," said the squire.

Luke glanced at Kate before speaking.

"If the squire particularly wishes," said Kate.

"I don't object, Sir," said Luke; "and though I'm ready to do exactly as Kate wishes, still I had hoped as we might have done without moving."

Kate stopped her father by an appealing look.

"Father dear, you might unscrew the brackets in the kitchen while Mr. Westbury says what he has to say."

"Yes, yes," said Luke.

"You would rather say it to me alone?" asked Kate, detaining her father with a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes," said the squire, thoughtfully.

Luke left the room.

"May I sit near you?" asked the squire, placing a chair for Kate.

At any other time he would have taken a seat beside her, without deeming it necessary to ask her permission; but on this particular morning he had come with a purpose that seemed to him to demand a special and delicate courtesy. He had been up before five that morning, galloping over high-road and meadows, trying to make up his mind whether he should rescue Kate Meadows by the only course which seemed to him to promise complete success. He was a bachelor; he had plenty of money; he had not many friends whose opinion he valued; he could afford to fly in the face of social laws; but what would the politicians of the county say to the proud Tory squire marrying a laborer's daughter? This bothered him not a little. It would also, he felt, be a triumph for Farmer North too, though how he had not quite decided. If there was any thing like hunting in France, he thought, as he galloped madly along the road, he would go and live there and take the girl with him. If she had only been born to the position, it would not have mattered had she seen no more of society than had already fallen to her lot. She was well-educated, carried herself well, talked well, played on the piano, and sang; what more could be expected from her if she were a lady bred and born? Scuttlebury, his favorite hunter, tossed her head and seemed to indorse the sentiments of her master, as she threw up the soft earth behind her. Nothing, said the squire; and take her for all in all, where could her like be found? He knew of no woman so well-looking, with such bright eyes, such splendid hair, such a graceful neck. She would adorn the manor-house, and she could never presume upon her wealth; he would love her, and she would be eternally grateful and happy. He could put her father into a good farm at the farther end of the county, and, by Jove, he had a great mind to do it!

The squire had arrived thus far in his silent debate with himself, when the well-known cottage came in sight, and then, with the quick determination of a rider who comes to a sudden jump of more than ordinary danger, he urged Scuttlebury on, and alighted with remarkable agility at the cottage gate, where the mare, hot and panting, was content to be tied and have a light rug of Luke's thrown over her shining flanks.

"Sit down, pray," said the squire to Kate, "and don't look frightened."

Kate was seated. She looked anxiously at the squire, who was trying to be calm and collected.

"I am a plain man, Miss Meadows; a man of few words, as you know."

Kate moved her head to signify that she was listening.

"If I had not come with a settled purpose to say what I am going to say, your preparations for departure would have made me do it; for I can not bear the idea of your leaving Combe Dingle."

"It is kind of you to say so," said Kate, "but—"

"Hear me out," said the squire, taking her hand with a respectful courtesy that permitted Kate to leave it in his. "Kate Meadows, I love you."

"Oh, Mr. Westbury!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly withdrawing her hand, "don't say that, don't say that!"

"With all my heart," said the squire. "I came to say it; it has been long in my mind to say it; the time could not fit better than now. I love you, and I come to ask you to be my wife."

Retiring natures such as the squire's, when once they are roused, become almost volcanic in their fervency. The squire recaptured Kate's hand, pressed it to his lips, and would have taken her into his arms, had not the girl resisted with almost equal strength.

"Mr. Westbury," she said, standing alone, her face almost as pale as the whitewash of the cottage, "you forget yourself."

The squire was dumb with amazement.

"Believe me, I can not but feel proud at your condescension; but you ought to have known that I am pledged to another."

"Another!" gasped the squire.

"Nay, more; that he is away. I do not wish to seem unkind or ungrateful; but I do not think you should have said what you have said to me now."

The squire leaned against a table for support.

"I don't understand," he said, utterly bewildered. "Do you reject me? Do you refuse your hand, Kate? Will you not marry me—me, Howard Westbury, of Combe Manor?"

"Marry you! No!" exclaimed Kate, rejoicing for the moment in the opportunity of exhibiting her devotion to the absent lover.

"By the Lord, you amaze me!" he said, pulling himself together, as if he had taken that ugly leap referred to, and had met with an awkward fall.

"Don't speak so loudly," said Kate; "my father will hear you."

"Thanks, thanks; you are right. You will not tell him?"

"No, certainly not."

"Nor any one else?" said the squire, eagerly.

"No."

"Promise me that," said the squire.

"I promise you," said Kate.

"You won't make me the laughing-stock of the county?"

"I will never repeat what has taken place."

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Certainly," said Kate.

The squire did not know what to say or do. He heartily wished himself once more on Scuttlebury. To have been accepted would have been bad enough—every body would have laughed at that; but to be rejected, he felt that if this were known he could never lift up his head again. It is true he had thought about Kate's attachment to Tom North; but what was that to be compared to the squire's love for her, and at such a moment too—when she was being turned out upon the world, as it were? The squire was puzzled beyond rousing; the fall had shaken him all over; he hardly knew what he said; the shock to his pride had fairly defeated Cupid for the nonce; the mischievous god was nowhere against the outraged Tory blood of the Westburys.

"I am very sorry if I have offended you."

"I am not offended, Mr. Westbury; but I wish the last hour could be blotted out of both our memories."

"Blot it out," said the squire.

"I will try," said Kate.

"Think of it no more. You will never mention it?"

"You have my word," said Kate.

"And now can not I do any thing for you—really?"

"No, thank you," said Kate.

"You won't let me do any thing now from a feeling of delicacy," said the squire, recovering something of his self-possession; "but I will relieve you of my presence. I've often been advised to travel; I shall go abroad for a year or two, and then I can not be in the way."

"I do trust, Sir, that you will not allow what has occurred to influence your actions so seriously," said Kate.

"I shall, most certainly. May I call your father?"

"If you desire it."

"Let me do something, Miss Meadows," said the squire, appealingly. "You have had it all your own way up to now; make some allowance for my feelings, and also for my position. I shall think you proud and unkind, and I shall think that you do not forgive me, and that I have driven you from the village, if you do not give way a little now. Whatever you decide will not alter my resolve to go abroad for two years at least."

"Mr. Westbury, I am indebted to you for many, very many kindnesses, and I am sincerely sensible of the honor you intended to confer upon me, and I know how kind and true and good you are; if I can show you how sincere I am in saying this, I will certainly. You may call my father."

Kate walked to the window. The cart had come to take away her first load of household goods. She had not before realized how soon she might be houseless. A pang of sorrow for her broken-down father brought the tears into her eyes.

"Mr. Meadows, I desire to offer to you and your daughter, in token of my esteem, and as some small return for the services which your child has rendered in our parish affairs, both in the schools and with the choir—I wish, I say, to offer you the freehold of this cottage."

"God bless you, Sir, God bless you!" exclaimed Luke.

"I have arranged with Mr. North a price for reletting this part of his farm to me for the remainder of his lease, and I transfer all my freehold rights to you afterward. I am going to Egypt this week, and intend traveling about for a couple of years; so it is necessary that you should decide at once."

"Yes, yes; God bless you, squire!" said Luke, going to his daughter, who was vainly trying to check her tears. "Send that cart away, Kate, send it away."

"Yes, do, Miss Meadows, do!" exclaimed the squire; "I will always remember that kindness, every where."

"We won't forget your benevolence, squire, will we, Kate?" said Luke, his voice trembling with emotion. "And we can stay here, near the church where your mother lies; stay here for good, and be free—be free in our own house!"

The old man was beside himself with delight and gratitude.

"Why don't you speak to the squire?" he asked, taking his daughter by the arm. "She's overcome with her feelings, bless the dear child! Tell the squire we accept his noble gift."

"Silence gives consent," said the squire. "Shall we say so, Miss Meadows?"

Kate turned round and offered her hand to the squire, and spoke not a word.

The squire kissed the trembling fingers, and left the house. Luke could hear him telling the driver of the cart that Mr. Meadows had bought the cottage, and would not now require to move his goods. Kate laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and the squire walked Scuttlebury home to the manor-house stables.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—AFTER TWO YEARS.

The house-place at The Farm was one of those comfortable rooms which you now and then find in English homesteads which have been touched by the wand of Progress. It was not simply the best room of a farm-house, with its old oak cupboards, its sporting guns, and fine old dresser; but it was the living-room of a prosperous farmer. There were book-shelves as well as cupboards and sporting guns. Peter North prided himself upon his literary treasures, and he liked to have the titles of some of his books well displayed. Adam Smith, Tom Paine, Corbett, he gloried in them; and when the parson called, he would often open Tom Paine's book on the table as if he had only just risen from a close study of it. Metaphorically speaking, he shook his library in the face of squire and parson, and subscribed for the most extreme of Radical newspapers.

But latterly his manners had been somewhat toned down. Two years had gone by since Tom North had disappeared from Combe Dingle. During that time the farmer had been very unlucky. His wife, an earnest honest drudge, who had really managed his business (a sort of silent Mrs. Poyser, if such a woman can be imagined), had taken to her bed, and it did not seem probable that she would ever be actively about again. She lay in a bedroom adjoining the house-place. It was entered by two or three steps, and looked out upon a usually well-stocked rick-yard.

Mrs. North lay there day after day, suffering from a malady which had been chiefly induced by grief. She loved her son with a quiet but deep affection, and was almost as fondly attached to Kate Meadows. When the rupture between father and son was at its height, when the outraged parent called the son a forger and a thief, and the son retorted with "liar," the blow that was leveled at the undutiful boy fell upon the woman, who flung herself between the two. This only intensified Peter North's anger; for he was a man, and would not have raised his hand against any woman, let alone the woman whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. But Mrs. North had not known all the disappointed father had suffered at the hands of his son. The discovery of the boy's infamy had fallen upon Peter North like a thunder-bolt; and Tom had made poor Kate Meadows believe that he was an outcast because of his love for her.

One day—it was at the close of harvesting, and the season had brought its second score of ill luck—the farmer was sitting at his wife's bed. He was depressed and heart-sick. Two bad harvests, his accounts in disorder, the defeat of the Radical candidate at Bristowe, a local success for the parson's party in the Combe Dingle vestry, and his wife's mournful presentiments that she could not live much longer—all this at last got hold of the farmer's spirits and pulled them down. In his own rough way he had always been an affectionate husband, and his wife had helped him more than he would even admit to himself in the management of the farm. It was a melancholy autumn day, and there was something in the cries of the birds as they gathered together for their journeying to other lands which touched the farmer's heart.

"I am very miserable somehow, Mary," he said. "I wish I could do something or another, I don't know what; I feel as if I'd committed some awful crime, and wanted to confess it. I'm sure I don't know what ails me."

"You b'ain't well, Peter, you b'ain't well; have a drink of beer and read one of your books, and cheer up. I wish to goodness I could get up and see to things."

"Books ain't any good," said the farmer. "I'm miserable somehow beyond books."

"Would you like to make me happy, Peter?" said the wife, sitting up with an effort, and looking earnestly at the stalwart square-shouldered man, who had flung himself into a chair, with his eyes resting upon the empty stones, which a good harvest would have covered with two additional stacks of wheat.

"Happy!" he said, turning round. "Mary, I'd do a good deal just now to make any body happy, I feel so far off being happy myself."

"And you won't be angry, Peter, at whatever I asks?"

"No, no; I'll not be angry any more, I think. I don't think I could have the spirit to attack even squire or parson, much more saying wry words to you, missus."

"Well, then, I do think I'd get better, Peter, if Kate Meadows would come and nurse me; I do, indeed. Something tells me she'd cure me, with her pleasant ways, and she'd talk of our poor Tom."

Peter North looked at his wife; noted the nervous anxiety with which she watched for his reply; noted her pale thin face, her hollow eyes; and somehow the memory of her round youthful figure when she stood at the altar came back to him. He saw her nursing Tom, and heard her lullaby song. The tears came welling into his eyes—the first tears for a quarter of a century; he bowed his head over the thin hands that were stretched toward him, and sobbed aloud.

"Nay, deary, nay, Peter, my own dear man, my good man, husband of my girl-time, don't give way. God help 'e, my dear man," exclaimed the bedridden woman; "I wouldn't have grieved 'e so for worlds."

"It's all right, Mary; don't be sorry about it. I'm better for it; don't notice me."

"You're not well, Peter, that be it," said the woman, "that be it; try a little brandy-and-water; it be low spirits, that's all."

"Yes," said the farmer; "God bless you, Mary, you shall have Kate Meadows, if she'll come."

"That's kind, that's like my old man as he used to be; let me have Kate, and I'll be about again, farmer, that I will."

"Ask me any thing as will bring that to pass," said Peter, his face brightening. "I feel better already. Why, there is Kate crossing the meadow yonder; she'll pass the farm; I'll call her while the fit's on me."

"Do 'e, love, do 'e, my dear," said the woman; and Peter left the bedroom to act upon the good impulse of the moment.

As Kate passed the front of the house, Mr.

North tapped at the window, tapped so loudly that the girl was frightened at his demonstrations. She could only think that Mrs. North was either dead or in the extremity of her illness. Acting on this impression, Kate stopped, and, after an instant of hesitation, made her way to the door of North's house, where she encountered the farmer, who approached her with nervous step and downcast eyes. She followed him into the house. After a few minutes of awkward silence, he requested her to take a seat, which she declined. Then, in a firm and unbroken voice, she said,

"Farmer North, what has been your object in calling me into your house?—the house from which you drove out the only man I ever loved—drove him ruthlessly forth—your own son."

"Do not speak of him, just at present at all events," said the farmer. "My wife thinks she can never get well unless you come and nurse her; she prays of me to bring you to her, and that is why I have taken this liberty."

"Indeed! I should hardly have thought you cared about her getting better," said Kate, her lips trembling.

"No, I dare say not; though I don't know that I ever was exactly unkind to her, poor soul!"

"Not when you cursed her son and sent him forth; not only inflicting misery upon him, but upon her and upon me, the innocent cause of his shame. And now you ask me to come and take care of your wife, because your accounts are in arrear, I suppose, and you want your clerk to get well."

This roused the farmer. Having so recently had a fit of goodness, this home-thrust stung him to the quick.

"Not so fast, Kate Meadows; you are clever, no doubt, been wonderfully educated, and all that; but it is not for you to lecture me, who am old enough almost to be your grandfather, and who know more about the real feeling of a broken heart, perhaps, than you imagine."

"Sir, you deserve the hardest words that—"

"Stay, Kate Meadows!" implored the farmer. "If you think I have done you such grievous wrong, I shall consent to leave this house while you remain here; not to wait upon my wife, but to keep her company, and tell her of Tom; I don't mind your speaking of him."

Peter North's voice faltered, and he looked appealingly at the girl.

"Peter North," said Kate, somewhat surprised and softened by the emotion evinced by the stern man, "you did, indeed, a gross injustice when you expelled Tom from your house; and you made it doubly grievous when you gave it as the reason of your anger that he was in love with me. And what if that were so? What if he did love me? True, my poor father was your dependent; but there was a time when he was as wealthy and prosperous as you. Adverse fortune has often struck down richer men than you or he. To drive poor Tom out of the house through his liking for me—"

"Kate Meadows," interrupted Peter North, "you wrong me; but I admire your spirit and your affection for that unworthy boy. My son Tom was a thief and a blackguard—"

"No, never!" exclaimed Kate. "Upbraid him for loving me, but do not libel him! Recall your cruel words!"

"A thief and a forger!" retorted Peter North. "He has deceived you; I did not turn him out for loving you. I turned him out— Look at these," said he, rushing in his growing excitement to his safe, and producing two checks. "Here is some of his wicked work. That he should thus dishonor my name; he whom I had trusted with thousands; he for whom I have worked all these laborious years! I have sworn that he shall never darken my doors again; but now—"

"Did you not curse him because he was too intimate with the Meadowses?" gasped Kate, supporting herself by the aid of a chair.

"I objected to his marrying you."

"Was not his love for me the reason of his expulsion?"

"No, by Heaven! If he told you so, he simply aggravated his crime. He robbed me under the cloak of religion. When he went to church he carried forged checks in his pockets."

Kate rocked herself to and fro in a chair, and wrung her hands in agony.

"He said he had lent money to old Meadows; he said he was saving money to get married. He made a hundred wild and lying excuses. I put a detective upon him, and discovered his practices; he was the associate of thieves, and worse than thieves. Oh, my God, how the knowledge choked me! You might have pitied me if you could have seen my heart. And it raged against you for some cause: people associated your name with his; and he told me he cared nothing for you; and when I found that he was a liar, I grew jealous of you and Luke, and instead of being softened in my grief, I hardened."

"Poor soul!" murmured Kate, looking up at the hard strong man shaken with remorse and grief.

"And now it seems as if my cup were full; I'm on the verge of ruin, and my wife is dying, and—"

"No, love," said Mrs. North, entering the room like a ghost, and putting her hand on her husband's shoulder; "no, getting better—getting better."

"In Heaven's name," exclaimed Peter, "what are you doing here?"

"Better, better," said the woman, smiling at Kate.

Peter caught her in his arms, and lifted her into a chair.

"She's not been out of bed for months," said the farmer.

"Soon be better," said the invalid. "Thought I heard high words, but I was wrong; I thought you'd be kind to Kate. Bless 'e, my child!"

Kate went up to the woman and kissed her on the forehead.

"Bless 'e, my dear," she said. "Carry me to bed, Peter; I'll soon be about now."

Peter took the fragile form in his arms, and carried it into the next room; and Kate followed with encouraging and tender words.

"Yes, I will stay," said Kate, when she came into the house-place again, leaving Mrs. North asleep.

"Thank you, Kate," said the farmer, with an earnest sympathetic heartiness; "thank you."

"I will write a few lines to my father."

"Here are writing materials," said the farmer, opening his desk and placing a chair for her.

"He has gone to Bristowe, and will not return until to-night; but Mrs. Smith is charring for us, and she will send my things up."

"Yes," said the farmer; "I will take the message myself."

Kate wrote, and Mrs. Smith, the char-woman, almost fainted when that tyrant North stepped into the cottage; and fainting nearly turned to fits when the farmer spoke gently to her, gave her a letter, and said Miss Meadows wanted to see her for a few minutes at the Farm. Mrs. Smith could not for some time make up her mind whether he were mad, or whether she had herself been suddenly struck stark-staring lunatics, as she explained to Kate with marvelous volubility an hour afterward.

SCENE II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Mrs. North passed a quiet evening, but at night she seemed worse again. The doctor gave her an opiate, at the same time pronouncing her stronger than she was in the morning. It was necessary that some one should sit up, he thought; or, at all events, that an attendant should remain in the adjoining room. Kate cheerfully undertook the task; and the farmer went to bed that night a happier man than he had been for many a long year.

Kate sat listening to the autumn wind as it wandered about the old house, and its melancholy tones touched her heart. She thought of her sad and wasted girlhood; she wondered why it had been decreed that she should be deceived and made miserable. She looked back and traced her days from childhood. Her first experience of the reality of life was a bitter one. She had come home from school, to be made acquainted with the fact that her father was ruined. The next scene that came up in memory's lantern was the death-bed of her mother; and then came penury and labor. Brighter days dawned upon her at the cottage, and brighter still with her love for Tom North; but what an awakening! He did not love her; he slighted her, deceived her, was unworthy to be the husband of a good woman. Nothing had been heard of him since he left her so cruelly two years ago. Perhaps he was dead? Worse still, he might be in a prison. In spite of herself, Kate yearned to be with him—not as his wife, but to comfort, to console, perhaps to save him. The wind at the casement seemed to answer her sigh as she thought what a different life his might have been, and how it might have influenced her own.

The squire, she had heard, was to return to the manor-house that very day. He had mentioned her father in one or two of his letters to his steward, giving instructions that Meadows was to be made comfortable. But not a word about Kate. This was a piece of delicate consideration which had not passed unrecorded in her mind. The squire had been frequently mentioned in the local newspapers. He had been received by the Sultan, and had done something worthy of his country in Egypt. Bristowe and Combe Dingle were quite proud of the doings of Squire Westbury in the East. Kate sat in the light of the embers of an autumn fire and thought about these things in her own quiet philosophical way, and she would not have been a woman had she not wondered whether the squire had found some other girl to accept his love, or what were his feelings toward her after two years. His fine manly figure rose up in her fancy, doubly challenging her imagination. She saw that startled and disappointed look which flushed his face two years ago in her father's cottage. She felt sorry for him; and again the autumn wind seemed to take up the deep sigh which came from her aching heart.

It was altogether a sad kind of night. The wind moaned with a strange touching sympathy. An owl cried in the rick-yard; the dogs howled; the trees seemed to sigh and moan; and there were unaccustomed shadows about the room. Kate went into Mrs. North's bedroom. The old woman was sleeping peacefully. All was quiet. The night-light was burning, but somehow it made a gaunt shadow on the wall. Kate felt a little frightened. She lighted a candle and stirred the fire, and said a little prayer to herself, commending the house to God's mercy and protection.

Though Luke Meadows had received his daughter's letter, he too was deeply anxious during the night on account of her absence. He knew that Peter North, albeit a stern man and a tyrannical ruler in his own household, was a person whose character was unblemished, and whose roof was sacred as the home of any one to whom he had extended his rough but generous hospitality; still he could not reconcile himself to the absence of his child. As if influenced by that sympathetic feeling the nature of which, though yet not fully diagnosed, indisputably affects people near and dear to each other at the same time, Luke Meadows felt so anxious and concerned that he resolved to walk over toward Peter North's farm to see how things were going on there. He was too proud to entertain the idea of entering North's house, lest his former employer might think he had taken advantage of his daughter's presence there to again ingratiate himself in the farmer's favor. He thought, as Mrs. North had been so ill, that he would surely find some one going to or departing from the house who would be able to tell him all about the patient and her nurse. He put on his coat and hat, and walked toward the Farm.

Meanwhile another traveler was making his way in the same direction, with quite a different purpose from that which directed the steps of honest Luke Meadows.

Kate moved restlessly about the house during the night, but never at a farther distance from the room of the invalid than to be within easy call. On passing into the house-place at about half past eleven o'clock, she was startled by hearing a noise at the window. Thinking at first that it was only the wind shaking the glass, she took no immediate notice of the occurrence, until presently she saw the window gradually raised, and the light of a dark lantern thrown into the room. Half dead with fright, she held her breath, barely conscious of what was going on around her. Though she could not see his face, she could easily perceive that the man who entered was well acquainted with the place; the instant he reached the floor he gave one hurried look around and made directly for the safe, which was placed under one of the shelves on which Farmer North kept the books which constituted his library. Opening the iron door with a key, he took from it several documents, and a box of money, which he placed on the table. Up to this time Kate Meadows had not seen the face of the visitor; but when he had apparently cleared out the contents of the safe, he turned to examine some notes. The light was thrown upon his face. With a loud scream Kate rushed toward him. The burglar was Tom North!

In a moment he had again passed through the window, leaving the safe open and the documents which he had abstracted strewn upon the table. Kate had now fallen down almost insensible, just as Farmer North, who had been aroused by her screams, rushed from his bedroom, gun in hand. Quickly learning from the state of the room that the safe had been opened and its contents purloined, and also perceiving at a glance that the window was open, he rushed that way, the better, as he thought, to track the culprit. About a hundred yards from the house, he thought he saw a figure quickly retreating in the distance. Without deliberating for more than an instant, North fired his gun, and ran, as he hoped, upon his game; but he could find no intruder dead or alive. Returning to the house, the farmer found Kate Meadows in a state of the most distressing agitation; but he could not gather any further information from her than that she had seen a man enter the room and plunder the safe. When pressed to answer if she could identify him, she was too truthful to equivocate, and implored him through her tears not to ask her any more about the incidents of that most terrible night.

Farmer North having made every thing secure, and having assured his wife, in one of those humane misrepresentations of which it may be hoped the recording angel will take no note, that he had only gone out on hearing the dogs bark, retired to rest. But he was too keen an observer not to have perceived that Kate Meadows had recognized the burglar, who had shown an intimate knowledge of the Farm.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE SQUIRE'S RETURN.

THE morning after the burglary broke fair and bright over Combe Dingle. Autumn has its clear breezy days, almost like spring. A blue sky with light fleecy clouds, and a fresh wind that sends them scudding along the wide firmament. Flocks of birds drift with the wind. Thin blades of grass have toned the roughness of the stubble fields. The trees are a deeper hue than that which varies their color in spring-time; but they look too beautiful for decay. Nature seems hopeful and full of life; it is the last flicker before Death comes, strong and powerful, and lets down the storm and flood, and blots out the glorious picture.

Kate Meadows, by the advice of Mr. North, went to bed after the robbery. He said he would sit up with his wife. Kate needed rest, and she could return to the sick-room in the morning. If Mr. North wanted her in the night, he would call her. Kate, glad of a respite from the inquiring glance of the farmer, and anxious to be alone with her thoughts, had gone to bed. By-and-by, in spite of her anxieties and trouble, she fell asleep, and slept well until the sun was full upon her window. She rose with a heavy heart. The scene of the night before was not a dream. She tried for a moment to think it was; but the terrible reality soon overshadowed her, and she saw the dreadful face of Tom North looking upon her with defiant cruel eyes that seemed to burn into her soul.

While she was dressing, the bells of the parish church broke out into a merry peal. She flung open the window and listened. The wind carried the music hither and thither. The clouds were racing across the sky. A lark was singing overhead. Shadows were checkering the aftermath. The stubble fields were green and golden in the morning light. The trees were brown and yellow, and green and gray. Combe Dingle, even to Kate, who had lived there all her life, looked like the picture of some artist's dream. The bells clashed and chattered, and their music rippled in the crisp fresh air, and all at once Kate remembered a rumor that the squire was expected home again that very day. He had come. The manor-house had received back the wanderer.

The squire was once more at home. The voluntary exile was no longer wandering in foreign lands. Now that she thought of it by the light of recent events, it seemed strange and almost impossible that he could have gone away on her account; that she had refused the hand of the lord of the manor; that she had sent him away for years of travel; that he loved her with a delicacy and devotion unsurpassed even in romance. She looked at herself in the glass and blushed at her own unworthiness, though she could not help a little feeling of conscious beauty. And the squire was back again! Did he love her still? Had he met some other woman in his travels who could be all to him that he had desired in Kate? She almost felt jealous at the thought. During these three years she had become a woman—a full-grown plump round woman, with a woman's thoughts; touched with the sense of woman's mission in the world. Month after month, while she had waited for some letter or message from Tom, he had gradually faded out of her liking, despite the tender thoughts which sometimes prompted her to think he might be ill or in trouble, or in some position that prevented his writing to her. Then his parting from her had risen up in her mind with a cold chill upon it. If he had written, she could have forgiven him; if he had come back like a man, and said, "Kate, I am still poor, but I love you; will you share my poor fortune?" she would have said, "Yes, with all my heart!" But how had he come back? Why had he left, in the first place? That story which the angry father had told her the day before had almost opened her eyes to the true character of her lover; but last night, when she saw him playing the black scoundrelly part which the farmer had described; when she saw him, not as the returned prodigal, but as the returned thief, she feared him. Her own pure noble nature shrunk at the thought of loving such a man; and yet the divine spark was not altogether stamped out, but she feared him. Her heart almost stopped at the thought that she might have been this man's wife.

Then the fine manly figure of the squire rose up in her mind, and gradually eclipsed the depraved face of the unfilial son, the unfaithful lover, the forger and thief. It was like changing a slide in a magic lantern. The squire, with his frank round face, his manly form, glided over the other figure, and stood there full and clear in her thoughts. And she could have been this other man's wife; this gentleman who had watched over her, who had taken care that her father should not be trampled upon, who had accepted her rejection of him as humbly as if he were a laborer, instead of a lord of the soil, and who, rather than trouble her by his presence in the district, had gone away, submitting to the inconvenience of a long absence from home. She felt ungrateful and cruel that she had stood in the squire's way; and the bells, how merrily they rung! It made her heart beat to hear them. Was he cured of his folly? No doubt he was, she thought; or there was that other contingency—perhaps he had brought a wife home with him: who could tell? Woman was a puzzle from the first. It was not to be expected that Kate Meadows should offer any exception to the rule. She hoped he still loved her; nay, she expected it from him; she was jealous lest some one had taken him from her. Did she love him herself? She did not know. In her own way, she came to the conclusion that Tom North was no longer an obstacle to the squire's wooing. As the bells rang out, peal upon peal, she could not help feeling, in her own secret heart, a sensation of pride at the remembrance that the returned traveler, the master of the manor, the magistrate and squire, had asked her to be his wife, and had not responded to her rebuke with scorn.

"I'm glad you are up," said the farmer, when Kate presented herself in the room below. "I was just going out, and the missus has been asking for you. I hope you slept."

"Yes, thank you," said Kate; "and Mrs. North, how is she?"

"Better this morning, decidedly better."

"Does she know what occurred last night?"

"Not a word," said the farmer.

"Is there any news?" continued Kate, with as much calmness as she could assume.

"Yes, I think we shall find him."

"Whom?" asked Kate.

"The burglar!" said the farmer.

"Indeed!" was all Kate could say.

"It distresses you, this horrid business," said North; "better say no more about it."

"Better move no more in it, Mr. North, if you value peace and your wife's health," said Kate, with a marked solemnity.

"I value both, and I am anxious to show you how much I think of your kindness in being here; but one owes something to one's country," said the farmer, warmly; "we all have a duty to society and to our neighbor."

"In this case you might pass over considerations of that kind," said Kate, growing bolder.

"You saw that man last night," exclaimed the farmer, suddenly taking her hand. "Be frank and trust me—who was he?"

Kate trembled at this earnest attack.

"Trust me with your secret, and be sure I will do the right thing."

"Release my hand," said Kate, withdrawing herself to another part of the room; "and for your own sake, for mine, for Mrs. North's, ask me no more questions."

"Forgive me, Miss Meadows, if I have been too earnest; my wife is expecting you. Thank you for all your kindness to her and to me."

The next moment the farmer was gone, and Kate stood by the invalid's bed.

"Bless 'e," said Mrs. North, "I'm much better, a sight better. I slep' like a child; I don't know when I have had such sleep."

"That is good news indeed," said Kate.

"And my dear man, he be kindness itself; ah, he be a good soul in his heart; and you, my dear, you are the cause of all this happiness. I told him I'd get well if you came, and I will too."

"What does the doctor say?" asked Kate, moving about the room and putting things straight, arranging the bedclothes, putting the dressing-table in order, and drawing the window-curtains aside to let in a sunbeam that was playing on the glass.

"Doctor says I be going on fine; says he never see such a change, and so quick; but he be full of the squire's coming home; that's what the bells be a-ringing for; and they're a-going up to the house to read an address, and great doings; and doctor says I may get up a while to-morrow—get up to tea."

"It makes me happy to hear you talk so cheerfully, and to see you looking so much better," said Kate, patting the old woman's hand as it lay outside the counterpane.

"And doctor says he'll ask squire if he's heard any thing of our poor Tom in his travels. Oh, Kate, my love, I do think I'd get up and live thirty years yet if I could see my boy again."

Kate ranged the medicine bottles on the mantel-shelf.

"My poor boy! Ah, he were very fond of you, Kate; and no wonder, no wonder."

"You have had breakfast, then," said Kate; "what a lazy nurse I am not to have been up to give it you!"

"Yes, I've had it; my good man gave it to me; but you b'ain't listening about poor Tom. Ah, if I could only have seen you his wife!"

"My dear Mrs. North, you must not talk so much, you are overtaxing your strength. There, dear! now you must be quiet; you must obey your nurse, you know—your nurse and the doctor; that is the way to get better."

"Well, well, do as 'e likes with me, bless 'e, do as 'e likes; but come and sit by me, and let me feel thy hand."

Kate sat down and laid her hand in the old woman's, and wondered what the end of last night's sad business would be. If they took Tom, and the knowledge of the thing came to Mrs. North's ear, it would kill her. If she could only see him, the heart-broken mother had said. It appalled Kate to think if his mother had only seen him last night as she saw him. The sunbeam which had been on the window-pane came into the room, and wandered all over it like a ray of good promise from heaven; and the bells still rung, stopping now and then for a few minutes, as if they were listening to the music of the mill-wheel close by. Kate heard the rippling of the water now and then, and it sounded to her like the voice of some close familiar friend who knew her secrets and pitied her.

"They shall ring when my boy comes back," said the sick woman, talking to herself and pressing Kate's hand. "The master has promised me that he'll forgive him for my sake, whatever he has done."

"Your husband is a good soul," said Kate.

"God bless him! b'ain't 'e? And they called him Tyrant North; but they never knowed him; it was they agitating folk as turned his heart. Lord love 'e, when he wor a young man a-courting me, why there were not a finer young fellow in the county!"

"He promised you that he would forgive him?"

"Ay, that he did."

"Ask him to repeat that to-night on his knees," said Kate.

"Why, do 'e think the lad has such need of it?" said the old woman, quickly.

"Let him do it," said Kate, firmly. "But we must not talk about matters that excite you, my dear; if you must talk, tell me what more the doctor said about the squire coming back. How does he look?"

"Look! why 'e be bronzed, they say, like a foreigner; but looking main well, and handsomer than ever."

"Looks stout and well?" said Kate.

"That he do. Doctor says the ladies will be after him now. I wonder they have not hooked him in them foreign lands."

"They have not, then?" said Kate.

"I suppose not. Ah, he be difficult to manage; he be so suspicious. I remember him sayin' to me that he didn't believe in having a lady of the manor, no, not he; and laughing at me, as much as to say, they don't catch the squire with their ribbons and fine ways. The farmer and squire could never get on; no, it was a pity, them nasty politics. That be the master's foot."

While she was yet speaking, the farmer tapped at the door and entered.

"Mrs. Smith has sent up to ask if you would step in home presently," said the farmer.

"The char-woman?" said Kate. "Yes, I think I may go for an hour by-and-by, eh, Mrs. North?"

"Do 'e, by all means, but don't 'e be too long, love; I likes to hear ye in the house, even if I do not see ye."

"I'll stay when she goes, missus, I'll stay; they've been and asked me to sign an address to the squire on his return home."

"Did 'e do it?" asked Mrs. North, quickly.

"I did," said the farmer, "I did; I've no ill-will to the squire as a man; and perhaps he has learned something in his travels that will give him wider views of things, for we may learn from our neighbors, they say. All the wisdom and liberty does not lie in England, nor the religion either, for that matter."

"The religion of doing good is the true religion," said Kate, "and kind hearts are better than wise heads."

"Bless the child, she do talk better than parson," said Mrs. North.

"She is a good girl," said the farmer; "if we had all hearts like hers I expect there wouldn't be much quarreling."

"And no politics," said the invalid.

"There, now no more talking for an hour," said Kate. "The farmer will give you the mutton broth, which is on the hob, and I will go down to the cottage and see how father is getting on, and what Mrs. Smith wants."

Kate kissed the woman on the forehead, cast a significant glance at the farmer, and left the room.

SCENE II.—A PRISONER.

"I do want 'e, and that's truth," said Mrs. Smith, who went out charring to the best houses in Combe Dingle, and who had undertaken to take care of the cottage and look after Luke Meadows while Kate was at the Farm.

"What is it, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, I daun't knaw," said Mrs. Smith, looking considerably puzzled. "I slep' here last night, you mun knaw."

"Yes, yes. Where is father?" Kate asked.

"That's it," said the woman; "that be it."

Kate saw that his hat was not upon its usual peg, though there was nothing alarming in that, but the woman's manner excited her fear that something had gone wrong.

"When did he go out?"

"That be what I'd like to knaw; I thought maybe you'd knaw."

"How could I know, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, I'm main sure he went to bed last night."

"Yes, of course," said Kate, looking anxiously at the woman.

"It was afore I went to bed; leastways he went to his bedroom and he bade me good-night; and that's all I knaws, 'cept as I got no sleep at all for dreaming of murders and 'avin' the spasms that bad as I thought I should had to get up again."

"Mrs. Smith, will you tell me what you have to tell me, and at once? You make me ill with apprehension," said Kate, pale with a hundred vague fears.

"Lor bless you, Miss Kate, I've nothing to tell you; that be it; only I thought I'd send for you along of the master being away and my being afraid as something must have happened. I thinks I 'eard a gun go off in the night, and I be frightened; so there!"

Mrs. Smith sat down and began to cry.

"My father went to bed, you say," began Kate, with a firm effort at self-possession.

"He did, he did," blubbered Mrs. Smith; "and when I got up this morning at five, and I passes his room, the door were open, and I see as he was gone out."

"Well, there is nothing remarkable in that," said Kate.

"No, there b'ain't, there b'ain't," said the woman; "but he arn't come back again."

"And is that all?" asked Kate, with a smile of relief.

"That be all," said the woman, wiping her eyes in astonishment. "And b'ain't you afraid that something's happened, 'specially about that gun goin' off?"

"No," said Kate. "Oh, you silly woman! Father's no doubt gone down to Bristowe, knowing that I should not be at home. He will return by-and-by."

The bells rung out afresh, as if to indorse Kate's assertion with a cheer.

"Well, there you've took a load off my mind. I've had such warnings; there was a swallow come down the chimney and a death-tick in the kitchen, and there I've been sittin' here with my apron over my head for more than a hour afeared of looking up."

"Something out of the way did occur last night," said Kate, hoping to pacify the woman by flattering her vanity of presentiment and warnings; "a burglary was committed at the farm. I dare say the news is all over the village by this time."

"I knawed it, I knawed it!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"How could you know?" asked Kate, quietly.

"I knawed as something was a-goin' to happen, murder or something."

"Well, now, you see, though it is bad enough, it is nothing so very terrible after all."

"Naw, it b'ain't so bad as I thought," she said, evidently disappointed; "but the shooting?"

"Mr. North fired his gun after the robber," said Kate.

"Did he kill him?" asked the woman, quickly.

"No, of course not."

"Well, you knaws best; you be edicated, and every body says you knaws most things; but I do wonder where the master be? Besides, they ha' bin for un to go up to manor-house and sign paper a-welcoming squire, and there be fine doings in the village, and flags and band of music from Bristowe a-coming."

Strains of music were heard while the woman was talking.

"There they be!" she said—"there they be!"

Kate went up stairs and into her father's room. In spite of herself, the ignorant fears of Mrs. Smith had taken possession of her. She looked suspiciously, and with an indefinable dread, all round the room. The old man's Bible was open. Kate's heart beat fast, and she turned pale when she found that the bed had not been slept in. The clothes were turned down, and some one had lain upon the bed, and that was all. What could this mean? And Mrs. Smith's fears? She must have had some ground for them—something that she was concealing.

The brass-band from Bristowe passed the cottage playing a favorite march, and Mrs. Smith was standing at the door looking with intense admiration at the musicians. She was suddenly pulled up by the appearance of Farmer North.

"Is Miss Meadows in?" he asked, in a very different tone and manner to that which had so astonished her on the previous day. Now he was stern and peremptory, as he used to be in the old days.

"Yes, Sir," said Mrs. Smith.

"I want to see her immediately."

Kate heard the farmer's voice, and came down stairs. She noticed that he was deeply agitated; that he was struggling against some fierce emotion.

"A word with you privately," he said.

Mrs. Smith left the room, and knew at once, as she said afterward, that something bad had happened, as she had indeed known all along; for what with swallows in the chimney, death-ticks, and dreaming of murders, and having downright spasms—all that could not occur without something happening.

"Is Mrs. North worse?" asked Kate.

"No—better," said the farmer; "don't be alarmed; I have bad news, but not so bad but it may be got over."

Kate listened. She feared the farmer had come to tell her that the police had taken his son for the robbery.

"There is some mistake, I am satisfied; but you must bear up until it can be explained; you must take refuge in your philosophy and in your religion, and you must be brave and firm."

"Yes, I will, I will; do not keep me in suspense."

"Your father—" said Mr. North.

Kate staggered. The farmer caught her and held her in his strong arms. He was about to call for water.

"No," said Kate, faintly. "I shall be better in a moment; go on, go on."

"The police, through some extraordinary blunder or other, have taken him into custody."

"For what?" whispered Kate, still pale as death, and leaning on the farmer's arm.

"Don't be afraid—it will all come right—for the burglary last night."

Kate smiled faintly, prompted by the consciousness of his innocence.

"He has been out of his bed and away all day," she said.

"Yes, came to the Farm, he says, to see if you were all right, and just to walk round; didn't intend to come in; but he wanted to look at the house and feel that you were there and all right."

"God bless him!" said Kate. "Tell me all, Mr. North; tell me all."

"Unluckily, when I went out I fancied I saw a figure near the barn, and I fired."

Kate pressed his arm for support.

"Don't be afraid; I did not hurt him, only a very little; disabled him in the foot. Now be brave, Kate; be brave!"

"I will," she said; "my poor father!"

"He got away as far as Ladkin's farm, and there it seems he could go no farther, and went into a barn, poor fellow, to rest his foot and stop the bleeding, and there he was traced by the police; and that's the whole story, the worst of it and the best of it; and I ask you, for your father's sake, and for all our sakes, to be brave and courageous; we expect it from you."

"Thank you, Mr. North," said Kate; "you shall not be disappointed."

The farmer had told the story as closely to the truth as necessary, taking the statements of the prisoner and the police as the foundation, and abbreviating them. Out of kindness to Kate, he had toned them down. Luke Meadows had really fainted from loss of blood. He had been traced by a county policeman to an outhouse of a neighboring farm, early in the morning, and taken in the farmer's cart to the little local station at Combe Dingle, which was simply the officer's house. A detective from Bristowe had come upon the scene almost immediately, with strong ideas of a confederate, and he had insisted upon the apprehension being kept secret for a few hours. To facilitate his object, he had fetched a surgeon from Bristowe to attend to the prisoner's foot. Luke was hurt in the ankle, but not seriously. He told his story to the police, although he was cautioned that they would repeat whatever he said. There were other footprints outside North's farm besides Luke's, and the Bristowe detective thought he had obtained a clew, but he had not. It was immediately after Kate left the Farm at the summons of Mrs. Smith that the county policeman called upon the farmer and told him what had occurred. He was then going up to the squire to see when he would take the case. The farmer had suggested that it was early to put the squire into harness again; but the constable urged that he was the senior magistrate and the nearest, and would only feel annoyed if he was passed over. On second thoughts, the farmer had agreed with the constable that it was best to go to the squire; for he knew what a friend the great land-owner had been to Meadows.

"Take me to my father," said Kate; "take me to him."

"I will; it is likely you will have to see him in presence of a constable, therefore be careful what you say to him," said the farmer.

"I don't understand you," said Kate.

"What I mean is this. You are to act for yourself and him, just as you would advise any one else to act similarly situated. It's always best to be cautious when one has to deal with policemen or lawyers; one has a design on your liberty, and the other on your purse," said the farmer. "Besides," he continued, dropping his voice, "you saw the man who entered the house, and if you admit that to the police, there will be a good deal of cross-examination."

"I did not tell you I saw him," said Kate, her self-possession coming back to her, now that she saw her position, and understood how much depended upon her.

"No, and you need not do so; though if you are put upon your oath, I don't know what you are to say or do. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I read a treatise once on that form of words, and it seems to me to be the most searching oath that could be framed."

"God will guide me," said Kate.

The farmer did not know what to think. When the policeman mentioned the name of Luke Meadows, though he could not, for a moment, believe Luke guilty, all Kate's strange conduct immediately after the robbery, and her solemn warning that morning against moving further in the business, troubled him sorely. He was fully persuaded that she had seen the burglar's face; her reticence upon this point, and her desire that the affair should be hushed up, coupled with her father's presence at the scene of the robbery, agitated and worried the farmer considerably.

"Mrs. Smith can go and sit with my wife," said the farmer, just as he and Kate were about leaving the cottage.

"That I will," said Mrs. Smith.

"Poor Mrs. North," said Kate; "how cruel that I should forget her for a moment!"

"She is going on capitally," said the farmer.

"And knows nothing of all this, of course?" asked Kate, in an aside whisper.

"No; Heaven forbid!" said the farmer.

"No, Mrs. Smith, you had better remain here. Do not leave the cottage on any account."

Kate looked significantly at the farmer, who understood her.

"Miss Meadows is right," he said; "the missus will get on all right until we come back; I left the dairy-maid with her, and she's quite capable of getting her any thing she wants; besides, the old lady is to get up and be dressed, and have tea with us this afternoon."

"Think of that!" said Mrs. Smith. "Lor bless us, wonders will never cease! Well, I be glad on it, that I be."

Mrs. Smith was greatly disappointed that she was not allowed to go to the Farm, where she could have made herself and her warnings important and interesting with the burglarious and other illustrations of their truth; but she was quite content, shortly after the farmer and Kate had gone out, when the enterprising detective officer called, and showing her his staff of office, searched the house, and took down in writing all she had to say about the absence of Luke Meadows during the night. She called his attention to the fact that the master's bed had not been slept in. She concluded that an inquest was about to be held on his body; she knew he had been low-spirited, and her experience was that low spirits always lead to suicide. Where had they found him? In Ladkin's barn. Ah, poor man, hanged, no doubt. The detective had said, "Not exactly," and had gone away fully satisfied that he would be enabled to transport Mr. Meadows; it would have been a hanging matter, he thought to himself, in the old times. Mrs. Smith spent the rest of the afternoon under her apron in the kitchen, morbidly enjoying her warnings and death-ticks. It was a melancholy comfort to her to feel that these presentiments of death had never failed, though in her heart she was sorry for what had occurred.

Kate and the farmer were no sooner in the village than they knew that the "murder was out." There were two classes of loiterers; those who were discussing the squire's return and the festivities of the time, and those who were repeating to each other the story of the burglary, and discounting the probabilities of Luke Meadows's innocence. Flags were displayed here and there, competing with the brown and yellow of the trees; and at intervals the bells still rung out merrily. The gables of the manor-house could be seen above the woods on the hill. As the farmer and Kate made their way to the county policeman's house, the villagers stood aside to let them pass. It was only a cottage, with a constable's name painted over the door. On one side of the entrance was the constable's office, and on the other his kitchen. Luke Meadows was sitting in the office, with his foot bandaged and resting upon a pillow. A reserve constable from an adjacent village was standing in the room; he walked to the window as the visitors entered, and Kate, going up to her father, put her arms round his neck, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

SCENE III.—FOR LOVE.

An old-fashioned library, furnished in black oak and reddish-brown leather; a grand solemn-looking room, with carved book-cases, and volumes mostly bound in calf and Russia. Between two bay-windows was a ponderous library table, covered with papers and law-books. The windows, hung with rich cloth hangings, looked out upon a lawn as green as spring, bordered with foliage that spread away into the distance, dense and woody, and rich with autumnal color.

Squire Westbury was sitting at the table writing, and at the same time talking to his clerk and the detective from Bristowe, who, having done nothing, was all the more anxious to show his importance.

"Overzeal is as bad, Sir, as want of energy," said the squire. "You officers are too apt to jump at conclusions."

"I bow to your worship," said the officer. "Country practice is, of course, a little different to city work."

"Indeed! I suppose you mean that we are slow in the country, that we take time to sift things, and make up our minds with great care."

"You put it well, Sir; we are obliged to be quick in the city."

"I understand," said the squire. "I only desire that you should be cautious; at present I do not see that city interference in this matter has been of any service."

"Mr. North sent for me," said the detective.

"Yes, he is just the sort of man to fly off to the city. I wonder he condescends to live in this village at all."

"Can not say."

"Now understand," said the squire, "the sarcasm of that last remark—rather the manner of it than the remark itself—is not lost on me. I am not without influence in that city of yours, magisterial and otherwise, and I am certainly master here; it is quite optional whether I allow you to remain or not."

"I have no desire, only to do my duty, your worship," said the detective, a little intimidated at the squire's unmistakable threat.

"Very well, then; every man is to be considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty. Your pressure upon Mr. Meadows strikes me as improper and indecent; you gave me his explanation with a sneer, and you seem to consider the case settled with Eliza Smith's evidence. You have a grievance even against Mr. North, who sent for you, as you say, because he would not allow you to see Miss Meadows; and in the absence of the prisoner's daughter, and without a warrant, you search the prisoner's cottage."

"If I have exceeded my duty, Sir," said the detective, remembering how closely the squire was identified with one of the most important magisterial families in the city, "I stand corrected."

"You do stand corrected," said the squire, looking him straight in the face; "and my course of action with regard to your position in the force of the city of Bristowe will depend upon your future conduct in connection with this case. Am I not right, Jarvis?"

"Certainly, your worship," said Jarvis, the clerk, who was bound to the Westburys by strong ties of affection and interest.

"I respect Mr. Jarvis's judgment," said the detective, who had only recently been promoted into plain clothes, and who began to see a little plot for putting him back into uniform.

The truth is, the squire felt a strong personal interest in the prisoner. He could not disguise from himself the grave nature of the evidence against him, and he was anxious to help him for the sake of his daughter. At present he could not see any chance of the smallest excuse for not committing the prisoner for trial; and even if a chance cropped up, he felt convinced that the Bristowe detective would be in the way. If he had dared, he would have held the investigation with closed doors. His father before him would have done so; but there was an active county and city press now, and the strongest of the journals were fiercely opposed to Tories and Toryism. The reporters would present themselves shortly, and take their seats with all the authority of law and right and journalism. His father would have set the dogs upon them. Squire Westbury himself would have shut the door in their faces if he had acted upon his own inclinations; but he knew the consequences of such illegal ostentation, and he was therefore determined to overawe the detective. The returned traveler was greatly troubled and perplexed at what had occurred. It seemed as if there were something unlucky in his association with Kate. During his absence, so far as he had learned by cautious inquiries, she had led a quiet and apparently happy life, devoted to her father, and he to her. With his return came trouble of the most serious kind—trouble and humiliation, and possible punishment, the preliminary share of which it would fall to his lot to administer. If Kate had only accepted his hand three years ago, this great misfortune could not have happened. The squire hardly knew whether he was glad or sorry that she had not accepted him. He was desperately in love at the time; he would have made any sacrifice for her; and his passion had lasted long, and burned hotly; but latterly it had waned; he had traveled and seen much, and his mind had expanded somewhat, his sympathies had widened, and he had seen pretty women in all parts of the world. Coming home through Paris, he was convinced that nothing would induce him to marry; he felt that he had had a narrow escape. Women were as hollow as they were pretty; they were selfish money-grubbers; he would have none of them; but when his carriage rolled through the lovely trees and fields of Combe Dingle, on its way from the local railway station, a touch of the old feeling came over him. It did not now seem so very long that he had been away. When he reached home, and found himself in his own room, it hardly seemed as if he had been away at all, and he began wondering what Kate's feelings were now, what she was doing, and how she was, and to rejoice that she had heard no more of that scoundrel Tom North. It was a bitter blow for him, therefore, in the morning, the news of the arrest of Luke Meadows. It seemed to him like the hand of Fate; he had no right to think of an alliance with a peasant's daughter; it would be a blow upon his house. How much wider was the gulf now between a Westbury and the daughter of a man who was to stand his trial, perhaps, at the Assizes for felony. This had come upon him as if utterly closing all possibility of his giving way to a weakness which was womanly, and unworthy of the family whose honor, for five hundred years past, was in his keeping.

When the prisoner was led into the room, followed by his daughter and Farmer North, the squire left his seat and shook hands with Kate Meadows. She raised her eyes and looked at him sorrowfully, but with a certain expression of gratitude for his recognition of her. The squire was calm, dignified, magisterial.

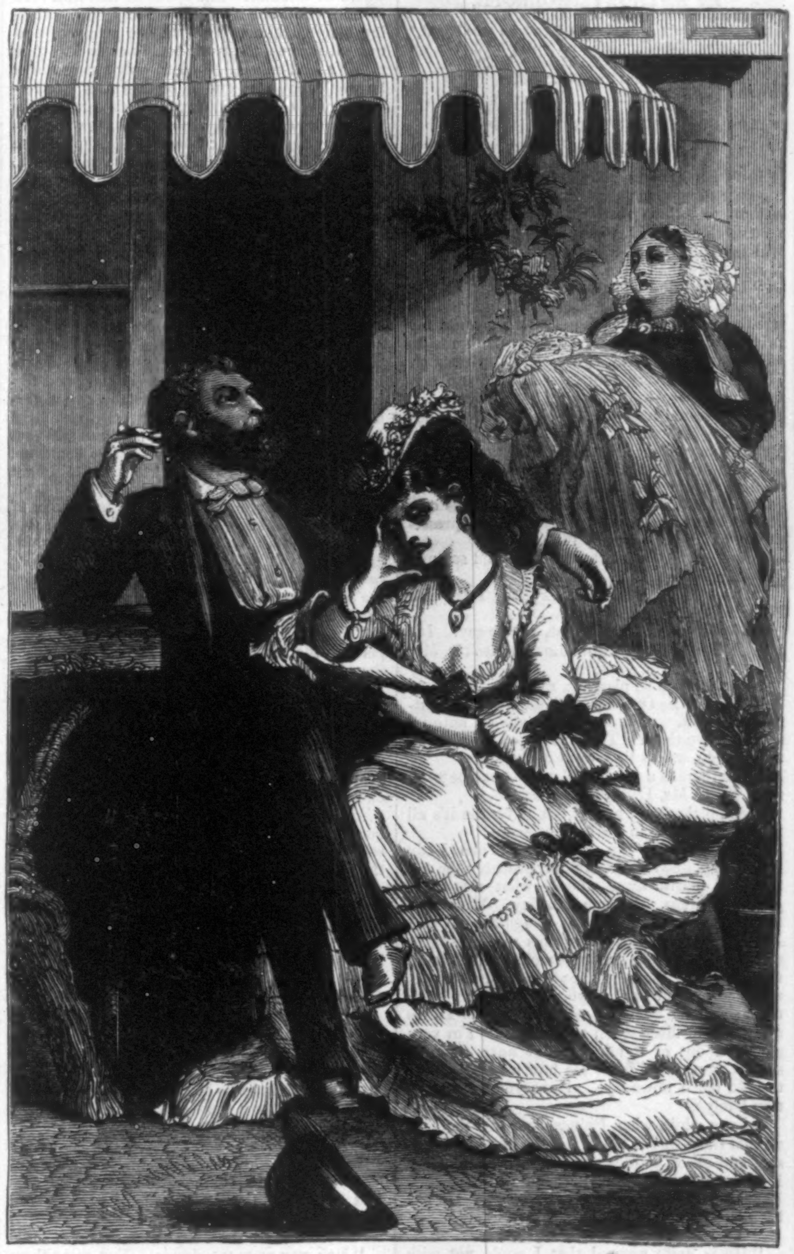
"I am sorry we meet under painful circumstances, Miss Meadows," he said, "but you will bear up, I trust. Officer, give this lady a seat near her father."

The detective would have objected to the daughter's presence but for the squire's significant reception of her. His idea was to make her the last witness. The magistrate, however, had quite made up his mind to protect Kate in this particular if possible.

Two reporters took their seats at the magistrate's table; the village parson came in and shook hands with the squire and with Kate; several prominent villagers asked to be allowed to be present, and were admitted. Kate sat near her father, and in spite of her pale anxious face looked as pretty and dainty as any female Westbury could ever have done in the good old days before the present squire. Indeed, it occurred to the squire that she was not unlike the picture of a Westbury wife a hundred years ago, one of the prettiest of the Westbury collection. Quite unconsciously, Kate was almost dressed *en fête*. When Farmer North beckoned her into the farm she had been to make a call in the city, and was returning home in her best clothes and in her best fashion. She had had no time to make any change in them. She wore a pretty Dolly Varden over a blue silk skirt, a black silk jacket, and a pretty gypsy hat; and she carried her finery with all the easy grace of a lady. Without admitting it to herself, when she ordered this costume she had been thinking of the rumors of the squire's return; and she had tried to look her best on that day before her sudden trouble, in case the squire might by chance cross her path. It puzzled the squire to see her look so pretty, so well dressed, and so lady-like. She had seemed all this before he left Combe Dingle; but it was strange that after he had seen all the beauty and fashion of the world she should still hold her own in this secluded village, a common man's daughter, perhaps the daughter of a burglar.

Mr. North was the first witness called.

"You heard a noise; you took down your gun, went down stairs; Miss Meadows, who was sitting up with your wife, who is ill, had fainted. You saw your safe had been broken into; the window was open; you ran out; thought you saw a person, though it was very dark, and you fired your gun. That is the substance of your evidence," said the squire, after the clerk had taken the farmer's deposition; "and that is all you know of the matter?"



THE LAST PICTURE.

The farmer hesitated.

"Of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Jarvis will read the deposition over in detail to you by-and-by, and you will sign it."

Henry Priddy, of the county constabulary, gave evidence of the discovery of the prisoner, bleeding and faint, in an outhouse on Mr. Ladkin's farm, a few hundred yards from the scene of the burglary.

Magistrate. "You had traced him on account of the bleeding?"

Constable. "I did, from North's farm."

Magistrate. "Yes, yes. You searched him at the outhouse?"

Constable. "I did."

Magistrate. "What did you find?"

Constable. "On the prisoner, this portrait, a knife, two half crowns, and this walking-stick."

The portrait was a photograph of Kate. The magistrate looked at it and handed it back to the officer.

Magistrate (to North). "Does this property belong to you?"

North. "No."

Magistrate. "It is not part of the property taken from your house?"

North. "No."

Magistrate. "Thank you. Constable, what passed in the outhouse?"

Constable. "I tied up prisoner's foot, and fetched him some water, and then charged him with breaking into Mr. North's house."

Magistrate. "What did he say?"

Constable. "He smiled; said, 'It is a bad job; I have been shot; my daughter was nursing Mrs. North, and I could not go to bed without coming round to see that she was all right; and just as I was going up to look at the house, the back part where I knew she was, I see North rush out and shoot me, and I got away as well as I could.'"

Magistrate. "Yes; you can sign your deposition presently. Are there any other witnesses?"

Constable. "Eliza Smith, your worship."

Magistrate. "Is she here?"

Constable. "I can fetch her in a minute."

Magistrate. "Then don't."

Constable. "Thank you, your worship."

Magistrate. "Mr. Parker, you wish to be called?"

Detective. "As your worship pleases. Perhaps your worship thinks there is already sufficient evidence for committal?"

If the detective had lost his situation that moment, let alone being degraded into uniform, he could not in presence of the press have resisted this shot at the Tory magnate.

Magistrate. "On the contrary. It may, however, be necessary to adjourn the case. Swear Parker."

The magistrate's clerk immediately administered the usual oath to the detective.

"Examine him, Jarvis. Take the main points briefly, sufficiently to justify an adjournment."

"Yes, your worship," said the clerk. Whereupon the squire opened one of his law-books and professed to be consulting it, but he was carefully listening to his clerk and the witness, except once when he looked at Kate Meadows, whose head was bent, her long eyelashes sweeping her cheek, her small fair hand lying in the great brown hand of her father, who looked round the room with his open honest eyes, wondering how it was possible that he could be sitting there a prisoner. Peter North watched the proceedings with eager interest, and now and then spoke with modest kindness to Kate, which astonished the squire.

Clerk. "You examined Mr. North's premises early in the morning after the robbery?"

Detective. "At five o'clock."

Clerk. "What did you find?"

Detective. "House had been entered by window, which had been left unfastened; safe opened with a key; there was no breaking in of any kind."

Clerk. "There were foot-marks outside, more than the foot-prints of one person?"

Detective. "Yes, two persons; one the prisoner."

Clerk. "How near to the house were the prisoner's footsteps?"

Detective. "Twenty yards off, as if he had staid there while the other went in."

Clerk. "'As ifs' are not evidence. You ought to know that 'as ifs' and 'I heard say' are not evidence."

Detective. "I was going to give you my idea of the robbery."

Clerk. "Ideas are equally out of the question, Sir; confine yourself to facts. You surprise me; I trust this is not the way evidence is given in the city."

The reporters laughed, and though no one else laughed, the point was too good to lose; so they completed it in their report with "Laughter." Moreover, it would make a text for a leader on "City and County Justice," or "The Squire at Home Again." One of them had already made a note to direct editorial attention to the point. He had hardly done so when the inquiry took a sudden and romantic turn. First, there was a suppressed cheer outside the house, from the usual throng of loiterers on occasions of magisterial inquiry: then there was a commotion in the hall leading to the library; the next moment a young man dashed past the policeman who was keeping the door and stood defiantly in full view of the court. He was a square-shouldered gaunt man, evidently looking much older than he really was. He pulled off a rough fur cap as he entered, disclosing a light shock-head of hair. His eyes were blood-shot; he wore a rough stubbly beard. Round his neck was a white-spotted blue neckerchief, tied in a sailor's knot; he wore a sort of velvet shooting-jacket and tight trowsers. He had a reckless, evil look, though a trifle anxious and wary, like a hunted thief at bay.

At sight of this apparition Kate Meadows gave a little scream, and buried her face in her hands. Farmer North looked shocked and aghast; he sprang to his feet, but stood stock-still contemplating his son. The squire found that for the moment he had not a word to say. A dead silence reigned, the prisoner alone moving, and he only to console his daughter.

The reader can imagine the struggle that had been going on in Kate's mind all day. She knew the burglar; a word from her could have set her father at liberty. She was waiting and watching the course of events; she could not bear to strike another blow at the farmer's heart and happiness, though she suffered a martyrdom sitting there dumb while her father was a prisoner and under suspicion. At the very moment when Tom North suddenly rushed into the room she was exercised as to her duty; indeed, she had almost decided to speak to the farmer and tell him all.

Tom's sudden presence was like an answer to her thoughts, like an interposition of Providence, and though it came upon her so suddenly, she realized in a moment the nobility of the act. No creature is all bad; the innate nobility of Farmer North's wretched son, forced by recklessness, misery, despair, had all suddenly broken bonds and come to the front.

"I committed that burglary," said Tom, in a husky, unconcerned voice.

No one spoke.

"And here's the swag," throwing upon the table the notes, bills, and money which had been taken from the safe.

"You make this confession of your own freewill?" said the magistrate.

"I do," said Tom. "I heard what had happened, and I decided to give myself up, and I came here to do it. I'm a bad lot, and Meadows there he's always been straight and honest, and his daughter a good girl; and altogether, as governor's made up with the Meadowses, and I'm the only blot in the entire affair, and as I'm tired of my life and a complete waster, why, here I am; take me and do what you like, only let off that poor old ass there—he'd no more crack a crib than fly."

"You almost redeem your crime by your timely confession," said the magistrate.

"Don't preach, squire; I had enough of that when I was a boy, though the governor no doubt did it for the best; but it made me a sneak. I was obliged to be a sneak to satisfy him, he was so awful down on a little amusement. I don't know what prompted me to come home, but I was hard up; I'd only just landed from Australia, at Bristowe port. I couldn't get on in Australia nohow, because I'd no money. And I'm played out. It came into my head to do this to-day when I heard that Meadows was in limbo; but I think I've done it to make a shine more than for any thing else. However, there it is. I hope the governor will forgive me; I daren't look at him. Take me away as soon as you can, and let us get it over."

Tom sat down close to the policeman, his head bent, as one who waits and is a prisoner.

"Mr. Luke Meadows," said the magistrate, "you are at liberty; you have had a narrow escape of serious inconvenience, to say the least, from a chain of dangerous circumstantial evidence; but under any circumstances I think your well-known character for integrity, your blameless life, your devotion to your child, would have protected you from any serious results."

"That's a pretty speech," said Tom, suddenly looking up, "if I may be allowed to say so."

"Your conduct to-day gives you special privileges here."

"When the court is cleared—" said Tom.

"Gentlemen," said the magistrate, looking at the reporters, and generally comprehending in his glance the audience, "this case is adjourned until to-morrow."

The reporters and the audience disappeared. Detective Parker loitered. Jarvis told him that Constable Priddy would take charge of the prisoner. The squire looked at the prisoner, who motioned that he would like the clerk and the policemen to leave the room.

"Step outside for a few minutes," said the squire.

When the room was occupied only by the squire, Kate, Mr. North, and Luke Meadows, Tom stood up once more.

"I was going to say, squire, but I thought mayhap you would not like it before strangers—I was going to say, and it come into my head all sudden, just as it did my coming here at all, that if you had ended that pretty speech about poor Mr. Luke Meadows there by saying as you loved his daughter—no, no, I'll not be stopped—that you loved his daughter, for you used to be jealous of me, and I knowed it, and that you consider her lady enough and lovely enough to be a squire's wife, then this day would end well, and I should consider as I had done something at last."

Tom looked round, as he had not looked before, opening his eyes and pushing his hair from his forehead.

"You are a proud man, but not prouder than Kate Meadows. Your mother, they say, was a good lady, charitable and all that, but not better than Kate Meadows, who looked like an angel from heaven when I see her the night before last in my father's room; and I think it has been her sorrowful eyes that has brought me here to-day, for I've seen them ever since. I've got no more to say."

Tom sat down. As he did so his father went up to him, and putting his hand upon his head, and in a broken voice, said:

"My poor lad, may God forgive you as I do."

Tom bent his head lower, and made no reply.

"Tom North, my friends," said the squire, with the slightest possible tremor in his voice, "it is true that I loved Kate Meadows. Three years ago I offered her my hand. She has kept my secret. I went away, and thought I had come back changed in thought and feeling. I have not. Love levels all ranks, and a good woman is more precious than rubies. I shall feel proud and honored beyond all I can say, if Miss Meadows will accept my love and become Mrs. Westbury. What do you say, Kate?"

The squire took the girl's hand. She looked up at him through her tears, and the next moment was lying in his arms.

EPILOGUE.

The dramatist finished his work with that third scene of the third act. The curtain came down naturally and with due effect upon the public declaration of the squire. It was a dramatic tableau, the ending with Kate in the squire's arms; and something was left to the imagination. It is the privilege of the novelist to go farther than this. The story-teller may pick up the threads of the narrative, and say what was the ultimate fate of all his characters. I do not propose to add much to the play. You have sat in the stalls, and seen the drama; while you drive away in your comfortable brougham, or sip iced cup at home, and talk about the piece, I will show you three pictures. Behold!

First.—An emigrant ship. Three people, in whom we have an interest, on board: Farmer North, Mrs. North, and Tom; they are bound for Australia. By dint of immense exertions and influence Squire Westbury had succeeded in staying the prosecution against Tom. When he was brought up on the following day, no one appeared to prosecute. Jarvis had settled the city detective. The squire had been to the newspapers, even to those which had attacked him, and explained the whole case; and without waiting for higher powers being moved, he had set Tom at liberty. Tom had sought his mother, and vowed that if his parents would go to the colonies, he would reform and be a son to them. Farmer North was of a bold and enterprising disposition; and the squire, who had some relatives in Melbourne, advised the farmer to go. Mrs. North got rapidly well in the company of her son, ugly duckling though he was; and when the farmer reckoned up, he found that on realizing his property, he would have a fair sum to start as a farmer in Australia. And so it came to pass that the emigrant ship had the Norths on board, with a fair prospect of a certain share of happiness and prosperity for them after all their troubles. Tom is still the source of fear and anxiety to his father, who can not help thinking what might have been. But the ship goes bravely on, and we wish it a safe and happy voyage.

Second.—Luke Meadows is restored to his old farm, near the village that adjoins Combe Dingle. He sits in the ingle nook, and talks proudly of his daughter, the wife of the lord of the manor of Combe Dingle. It is winter, and the fire crackles upon the hearth of the old farm; and Luke has some of his old servants about him; and it is a pity he has not longer to live to enjoy himself, and that his faculties are not brighter, and his ankle less painful. The winter wind moans at him down the chimney, and seems to say this to him; but he smokes his pipe, and chatters in a shaky voice to his bailiff, who is glad that Luke is a silly old man, because it enables the bailiff to feather his nest, and prepare for the time when he too will be frosted with the dust of Time, and have nothing to think of but the past.

Third.—Summer, radiant, joyous, hay-making summer. The Thames flows smooth and deep by the Clifden Woods; flows smooth and deep and silent past the Hawthorne estate on the opposite bank. Mr. and Mrs. Westbury are sitting under an awning on the lawn. The squire grew tired of the Manor-house. It was all very well, he had said, in the winter; but they must have a place near London, and on the Thames. Hawthorne House, with its lawns and gardens, its meadow lands, its water-huts, its wood-houses, its glorious trees, was the result. And it is summer, I say, radiant, joyous, hay-making summer. There is a hum of bees in the air, and the scent of seringa. You can hear a plashing of oars on the river, and the sweep of mowers in the fields. Kate, in a hat wreathed with wild roses, and with a white silk dress made low in the neck, and fitting tight to the round, plump figure, is sitting on a low hassock at her husband's feet, and reading a letter from Australia. The Norths have arrived at Melbourne; every thing, the farmer says, looks as hopeful as he could desire, and Tom was improving wonderfully. The squire smokes a cabana, and listens as his wife reads on and makes her comments. Presently a buxom nurse brings out a buxom baby to be kissed before being carried to bed. The sun sets warm and golden upon house and river, upon the squire and his love; and by-and-by the moon rises upon all the land, calm and peaceful as the lives of the simple Tory squire and the belle of the Somersetshire village.

THE END.

(Continued from No. 871, page 788.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

KÖNIGSTEIN.

PHINEAS FINN and Lady Laura Kennedy sat together discussing the affairs of the past till the servant told them that "My Lord" was in the next room, and ready to receive Mr. Finn. "You will find him much altered," said Lady Laura, "even more than I am."

"I do not find you altered at all."

"Yes, you do—in appearance. I am a middle-aged woman, and conscious that I may use my privileges as such. But he has become quite an old man—not in health so much as in manner. But he will be very glad to see you." So saying, she led him into a room, in which he found the Earl seated near the fire-place, and wrapped in furs. He got up to receive his guest, and Phineas saw at once that during the two years of his exile from England Lord Brentford had passed from manhood to senility. He almost tottered as he came forward, and he wrapped his coat around him with that air of studious self-preservation which belongs only to the infirm.

"It is very good of you to come and see me, Mr. Finn," he said.

"Don't call him Mr. Finn, Papa. I call him Phineas."

"Well, yes; that's all right, I dare say. It's a terrible long journey from London, isn't it, Mr. Finn?"

"Too long to be pleasant, my lord."

"Pleasant! Oh dear. There's no pleasantness about it. And so they've got an autumn session, have they? That's always a very stupid thing to do, unless they want money."

"But there is a money bill which must be passed. That's Mr. Daubeny's excuse."

"Ah, if they've a money bill, of course it's all right. So you're in Parliament again?"

"I'm sorry to say I'm not." Then Lady Laura explained to her father, probably for the third or fourth time, exactly what was their guest's position. "Oh, a scrutiny. We didn't use to have any scrutinies at Loughton, did we? Ah me! well, every thing seems to be going to the dogs. I'm told they're attacking the Church now." Lady Laura glanced at Phineas! but neither of them said a word. "I don't quite understand it; but they tell me that the Tories are going to disestablish the Church. I'm very glad I'm out of it all. Things have come to such a pass that I don't see how a gentleman is to hold office nowadays. Have you seen Chiltern lately?"

After a while, when Phineas had told the Earl all that there was to tell of his son and his grandson, and all of politics and of Parliament, Lady Laura suddenly interrupted them. "You knew, Papa, that he was to see Mr. Kennedy. He has been to Lough Linter, and has seen him."

"Oh, indeed!"

"He is quite assured that I could not with wisdom return to live with my husband."

"It is a very grave decision to make," said the Earl.

"But he has no doubt about it," continued Lady Laura.

"Not a shadow of doubt," said Phineas. "I will not say that Mr. Kennedy is mad; but the condition of his mind is such in regard to Lady Laura that I do not think she could live with him in safety. He is crazed about religion."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the Earl.

"The gloom of his house is unsupportable. And he does not pretend that he desires her to return that he and she may be happy together."

"What for, then?"

"That we might be unhappy together," said Lady Laura.

"He repudiates all belief in happiness. He wishes her to return to him chiefly because it is right that a man and wife should live together."

"So it is," said the Earl.

"But not to the utter wretchedness of both of them," said Lady Laura. "He says"—and she pointed to Phineas—"that were I there he would renew his accusation against me. He has not told me all. Perhaps he can not tell me all. But I certainly will not return to Lough Linter."

"Very well, my dear."

"It is not very well, Papa; but, nevertheless, I will not return to Lough Linter. What I suffered there neither of you can understand."

That afternoon Phineas went out alone to the galleries, but the next day she accompanied him, and showed him whatever of glory the town had to offer in its winter dress. They stood together before great masters, and together examined small gems. And then from day to day they were always in each other's company. He had promised to stay a month, and during that time he was petted and comforted to his heart's content. Lady Laura would have taken him into the Saxon Switzerland, in spite of the inclemency of the weather and her father's rebukes, had he not declared vehemently that he was happier remaining in the town. But she did succeed in carrying him off to the fortress of Königstein; and there, as they wandered along the fortress constructed on that wonderful rock, there occurred between them a conversation which he never forgot, and which it would not have been easy to forget. His own prospects had of course been frequently discussed. He had told her every thing, down to the exact amount of money which he had to support him till he should again be enabled to earn an income, and had received assurances from her that every thing would be just as it should be after the lapse of a few months. The Liberals would, as a matter of course, come in, and equally, as a matter of course, Phineas would be in office. She spoke of this with such certainty that she almost convinced him. Having tempted him away from the safety of permanent income, the party could not do less than provide for him. If he could only secure a seat he would be safe; and it seemed that Tankerville would be a certain seat. This certainty he would not admit; but, nevertheless, he was comforted by his friends. When you have done the rashest thing in the world, it is very pleasant to be told that no man of spirit could have acted otherwise. It was a matter of course that he should return to public life—so said Lady Laura—and doubly a matter of course when he found himself a widower without a child. "Whether it be a bad life or a good life," said Lady Laura, "you and I understand equally well that no other life is worth having after it. We are like the actors, who can not bear to be away from the gas-lights when once they have lived amidst their glare." As she said this, they were leaning together over one of the parapets of the great fortress, and the sadness of the words struck him as they bore upon herself. She also had lived amidst the gas-lights, and now she was self-banished into absolute obscurity. "You could not have been content with your life in Dublin," she said.

"Are you content with your life in Dresden?"

"Certainly not. We all like exercise; but the man who has had his leg cut off can't walk. Some can walk with safety; others only with a certain peril; and others can not at all. You are in the second position, but I am in the last."

"I do not see why you should not return."

"And if I did, what would come of it? In place of the seclusion of Dresden, there would be the seclusion of Portman Square or of Saulsby. Who would care to have me at their houses, or to come to mine? You know what a hazardous, chancy, short-lived thing is the fashion of a woman. With wealth, and wit, and social charm, and impudence, she may preserve it for some years, but when she has once lost it she can never recover it. I am as much lost to the people who did know me in London as though I had been buried for a century. A man makes himself really useful, but a woman can never do that."

"All those general rules mean nothing," said Phineas. "I should try it."

"No, Phineas, I know better than that. It would only be disappointment. I hardly think that, after all, you ever did understand when it was that I broke down utterly, and marred my fortunes forever."

"I know the day that did it."

"When I accepted him?"

"Of course it was. I know that, and so do you. There need be no secret between us."

"There need be no secret between us, certainly, and on my part there shall be none. On my part there has been none."

"Nor on mine."

"There has been nothing for you to tell—since you blurted out your short story of love that day over the water-fall, when I tried so hard to stop you."

"How was I to be stopped then?"

"No; you were too simple. You came there with but one idea, and you could not change it on the spur of the moment. When I told you that I was engaged, you could not swallow back the words that were not yet spoken. Ah, how well I remember it! But you are wrong, Phineas. It was not my engagement or my marriage that has made the world a blank for me." A feeling came upon him which half choked him, so that he could ask her no further questions. "You know that, Phineas."

"It was your marriage," he said, gruffly.

"It was, and has been, and still will be my strong, unalterable, unquenchable love for you. How could I behave to that other man with even seeming tenderness when my mind was always thinking of you, when my heart was always fixed upon you? But you have been so simple, so little given to vanity"—she leaned upon his arm as she spoke—"so pure and so manly, that you have not believed this, even when I told you. Has it not been so?"

"I do not wish to believe it now."

"But you do believe it? You must and shall believe it. I ask for nothing in return. As my God is my judge, if I thought it possible that your heart should be to me as mine is to you, I could have put a pistol to my ear sooner than speak as I have spoken." Though she paused for some word from him, he could not utter a word. He remembered many things, but even in his present mood he could not allude to them;—how he had kissed her at the Falls, how she had bade him not come back to the house because his presence to her was insupportable; how she had again encouraged him to come, and had then forbidden him to accept even an invitation to dinner from her husband. And he remembered, too, the fierceness of her anger to him when he told her of his love for Violet Effingham. "I must insist upon it," she continued, "that you shall take me now as I really am—as your dearest friend, your sister, your mother, if you will. I know what I am. Were my husband not still living it would be the same. I should never under any circumstances marry again. I have passed the period of a woman's life when as a woman she is loved; but I have not outlived the power of loving. I shall fret about you, Phineas, like an old hen after her one chick; and though you turn out to be a duck, and get away into waters where I can not follow you, I shall go cackling round the pond, and always have my eye upon you." He was holding her now by the hand, but he could not speak, for the tears were trickling down his cheeks. "When I was young," she continued, "I did not credit myself with capacity for so much passion. I told myself that love, after all, should be a servant and not a master, and I married my husband fully intending to do my duty to him. Now we see what has come of it."

"It has been his fault, not yours," said Phineas.

"It was my fault—mine; for I never loved him. Had you not told me what manner of man he was before? And I had believed you, though I denied it. And I knew when I went to Lough Linter that it was you whom I loved. And I knew too—I almost knew that you would ask me to be your wife were not that other thing settled first. And I declared to myself that, in spite of both our hearts, it should not be so. I had no money then—nor had you."

"I would have worked for you."

"Ah, yes; but you must not reproach me now, Phineas. I never deserted you as regarded your interests, though what little love you had for me was short-lived indeed. Nay; you are not accused, and shall not excuse yourself. You were right—always right. When you had failed to win one woman, your heart, with a true natural spring, went to another. And so entire had been the cure that you went to the first woman with the tale of your love for the second."

"To whom was I to go but to a friend?"

"You did come to a friend, and though I could not drive out of my heart the demon of jealousy, though I was cut to the very bone, I would have helped you, had help been possible. Though it had been the fixed purpose of my life that Violet and Oswald should be man and wife, I would have helped you because that other purpose of serving you in all things had become more fixed. But it was to no good end that I sang your praises. Violet Effingham was not the girl to marry this man or that at the bidding of any one, was she?"

"No, indeed."

"It is of no use now talking of it, is it? But I want you to understand me from the beginning; to understand all that was evil, and any thing that was good. Since first I found that you were to me the dearest of human beings I have never once been untrue to your interests, though I have been unable not to be angry with you. Then came that wonderful episode in which you saved my husband's life."

"Not his life."

"Was it not singular that it should come from your hand? It seemed like Fate. I tried to use the accident, to make his friendship for you as thorough as my own. And then I was obliged to separate you, because—because, after all, I was so mere a woman that I could not bear to have you near me. I can bear it now."

"Dear Laura!"

"Yes; as your sister. I think you can not but love me a little when you know how entirely I am devoted to you. I can bear to have you near me now, and think of you only as the hen thinks of her duckling. For a moment you are out of the pond, and I have gathered you under my wing. You understand?"

"I know that I am unworthy of what you say of me."

"Worth has nothing to do with it, has no bearing on it. I do not say that you are more worthy than all whom I have known. But when did worth create love? What I want is that you should believe me, and know that there is one bound to you who will never be unbound, one whom you can trust in all things—one to whom you can confess that you have been wrong if you go wrong, and yet be sure that you will not lessen her regard. And with this feeling you must pretend to nothing more than friendship. You will love again, of course."

"Oh no."

"Of course you will. I tried to blaze into power by a marriage, and I failed, because I was a woman. A woman should marry only for love. You will do it yet, and will not fail. You may remember this too—that I shall never be jealous again. You may tell me every thing with safety. You will tell me every thing?"

"If there be any thing to tell, I will."

"I will never stand between you and your wife, though I would fain hope that she should know how true a friend I am. Now we have walked here till it is dark, and the sentry will think we are taking plans of the place. Are you cold?"

"I have not thought about the cold."

"Nor have I. We will go down to the inn and warm ourselves before the train comes. I wonder why I should have brought you here to tell you my story. Oh, Phineas!" Then she threw herself into his arms, and he pressed her to his heart, and kissed first her forehead and then her lips. "It shall never be so again," she said. "I will kill it out of my heart, even though I should crucify my body. But it is not my love that I will kill. When you are happy, I will be happy. When you prosper, I will prosper. When you fail, I will fail. When you rise—as you will rise—I will rise with you. But I will never again feel the pressure of your arm round my waist. Here is the gate, and the old guide.—So, my friend, you see that we are not lost." Then they walked down the very steep hill to the little town below the fortress, and there they remained till the evening train came from Prague, and took them back to Dresden.

Two days after this was the day fixed for Finn's departure. On the intermediate day the Earl begged for a few minutes' private conversation with him, and the two were closeted together for an hour. The Earl, in truth, had little or nothing to say. Things had so gone with him that he had hardly a will of his own left, and did simply that which his daughter directed him to do. He pretended to consult Phineas as to the expedience of his returning to Saulsby. Did Phineas think that his return would be of any use to the party? Phineas knew very well that the party would not recognize the difference whether the Earl lived at Dresden or in London. When a man has come to the end of his influence as the Earl had done, he is as much a nothing in politics as though he had never risen above that quantity. The Earl had never risen very high, and even Phineas, with all his desire to be civil, could not say that the Earl's presence would materially save the interests of the Liberal party. He made what most civil excuses he could, and suggested that if Lord Brentford should choose to return, Lady Laura would very willingly remain at Dresden alone. "But why shouldn't she come too?" asked the Earl. And then, with the tardiness of old age, he proposed his little plan. "Why should she not make an attempt to live once more with her husband?"

"She never will," said Phineas.

"But think how much she loses," said the Earl.

"I am quite sure she never will. And I am quite sure that she ought not to do so. The marriage was a misfortune. As it is, they are better apart." After that the Earl did not dare to say another word about his daughter; but discussed his son's affairs. Did not Phineas think that Chiltern might now be induced to go into Parliament? "Nothing would make him do so," said Phineas.

"But he might farm?"

"You see he has his hands full."

"But other men keep hounds and farm too," said the Earl.

"But Chiltern is not like other men. He gives his whole mind to it, and finds full employment. And then he is quite happy, and so is she. What more can you want for him? Every body respects him."

"That goes a very great way," said the Earl. Then he thanked Phineas cordially, and felt that now as ever he had done his duty by her family.

There was no renewal of the passionate conversation which had taken place on the ramparts, but much of tenderness and of sympathy arose from it. Lady Laura took upon herself the tone and manners of an elder sister—of a sister very much older than her brother—and Phineas submitted to them not only gracefully but with delight to himself. He had not thanked her for her love when she expressed it, and he did not do so afterward. But he accepted it, and bowed to it, and recognized it as constituting one of the future laws of his life. He was to do nothing of importance without her knowledge, and he was to be at her command should she at any time want assistance in England. "I suppose I shall come back some day," she said, as they were sitting together late on the evening before his departure.

"I can not understand why you should not do so now. Your father wishes it."

"He thinks he does; but were he told that he was to go to-morrow, or next summer, it would fret him. I am assured that Mr. Kennedy could demand my return—by law."

"He could not enforce it."

"He would attempt it. I will not go back until he consents to my living apart from him. And, to tell the truth, I am better here for a while. They say that the sick animals always creep somewhere under cover. I am a sick animal, and now that I have crept here I will remain till I am stronger. How terribly anxious you must be about Tankerville!"

"I am anxious."

"You will telegraph to me at once? You will be sure to do that?"

"Of course I will, the moment I know my fate."

"And if it goes against you?"

"Ah! what then?"

"I shall at once write to Barrington Erle. I don't suppose he would do much now for his poor cousin, but he can at any rate say what can be done. I should bid you come here, only that stupid people would say that you were my lover. I should not mind, only that he would hear it, and I am bound to save him from annoyance. Would you not go down to Oswald again?"

"With what object?"

"Because any thing will be better than returning to Ireland. Why not go down and look after Saulsby? It would be a home, and you need not tie yourself to it. I will speak to Papa about that. But you will get the seat."

"I think I shall," said Phineas.

"Do; pray do! If I could only get hold of that judge by the ears! Do you know what time it is? It is twelve, and your train starts at eight." Then he arose to bid her adieu. "No," she said; "I shall see you off."

"Indeed you will not. It will be almost night when I leave this, and the frost is like iron."

"Neither the night nor the frost will kill me. Do you think I will not give you your last breakfast? God bless you, dear."

And on the following morning she did give him his breakfast by candle-light, and went down with him to the station. The morning was black, and the frost was, as he had said, as hard as iron, but she was thoroughly good-humored, and apparently happy. "It has been so much to me to have you here that I might tell you every thing," she said. "You will understand me now."

"I understand, but I know not how to believe," he said.

"You do believe. You would be worse than a Jew if you did not believe me. But you understand also. I want you to marry, and you must tell her all the truth. If I can, I will love her almost as much as I do you. And if I live to see them, I will love your children as dearly as I do you. Your children shall be my children, or at least one of them shall be mine. You will tell me when it is to be."

"If I ever intend such a thing, I will tell you."

"Now, good-by. I shall stand back there till the train starts, but do not you notice me. God bless you, Phineas." She held his hand tight within her own for some seconds, and looked into his face with an unutterable love. Then she drew down her veil, and went and stood apart till the train had left the platform.

"He has gone, Papa," Lady Laura said, as she stood afterward by her father's bedside.

"Has he? Yes; I know he was to go, of course. I was very glad to see him, Laura."

"So was I, Papa—very glad indeed. Whatever happens to him, we must never lose sight of him again."

"We shall hear of him, of course, if he is in the House."

"Whether he is in the House or out of it, we must hear of him. While we have aught, he must never want." The Earl stared at his daughter. The Earl was a man of large possessions, and did not as yet understand that he was to be called upon to share them with Phineas Finn. "I know, Papa, you will never think ill of me."

"Never, my dear."

"I have sworn that I will be a sister to that man, and I will keep my oath."

"I know you are a very good sister to Chiltern," said the Earl. Lady Laura had at one time appropriated her whole fortune, which had been large, to the payment of her brother's debts. The money had been returned, and had gone to her husband. Lord Brentford now supposed that she intended at some future time to pay the debts of Phineas Finn.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I HAVE GOT THE SEAT."

WHEN Phineas returned to London, the autumn session, though it had been carried on so near to Christmas as to make many members very unhappy, had already been over for a fortnight. Mr. Daubeny had played his game with consummate skill to the last. He had brought in no bill, but had stated his intention of doing so early in the following session. He had, he said, of course been aware from the first that it would have been quite impossible to carry such a measure as that proposed during the few weeks in which it had been possible for them to sit between the convening of Parliament and the Christmas holidays; but he thought that it was expedient that the proposition should be named to the House and ventilated as it had been, so that members on both sides might be induced to give their most studious attention to the subject before a measure, which must be so momentous, should be proposed to them. As had happened, the unforeseen division to which the House had been pressed on the Address had proved that the majority of the House was in favor of the great reform which it was the object of his ambition to complete. They were aware that they had been assembled at a somewhat unusual and inconvenient period of the year, because the service of the country had demanded that certain money bills should be passed. He, however, rejoiced greatly that this earliest opportunity had been afforded to him of explaining the intentions of the Government with which he had the honor of being connected. In answer to this there arose a perfect torrent of almost vituperative antagonism from the opposite side of the House. Did the Right Honorable gentleman dare to say that the question had been ventilated in the country, when it had never been broached by him or any of his followers till after the general election had been completed? Was it not notorious to the country that the first hint of it had been given when the Right Honorable gentleman was elected for East Barsetshire, and was it not equally notorious that that election had been so arranged that the marvelous proposition of the Right Honorable gentleman should not be known even to his own party till there remained no possibility of the expression of any condemnation from the hustings? It might be that the Right Honorable could so rule his own followers in that House as to carry them with him even in a matter so absolutely opposite to their own most cherished convictions. It certainly seemed that he had succeeded in doing so for the present. But would any one believe that he would have carried the country had he dared to face the country with such a measure in his hands? Ventilation, indeed! He had not dared to ventilate his proposition. He had used this short session in order that he might keep his clutch fastened on power, and in doing so was indifferent alike to the Constitution, to his party, and to the country. Harder words had never been spoken in the House than were uttered on this occasion. But the Minister was successful. He had been supported on the Address; and he went home to East Barsetshire at Christmas, perhaps with some little fear of the parsons around him, but with a full conviction that he would at least carry the second reading of his bill.

London was more than usually full and busy this year immediately after Christmas. It seemed as though it were admitted by all the Liberal party generally that the sadness of the occasion ought to rob the season of its usual festivities. Who could eat mince-pies or think of twelfth-night while so terribly wicked a scheme was in progress for keeping the real majority out in the cold? It was the injustice of the thing that rankled so deeply—that, and a sense of inferiority to the cleverness displayed by Mr. Daubeny! It was as when a player is checkmated by some audacious combination of two pawns and a knight, such being all the remaining forces of the victorious adversary, when the beaten man has two castles and a queen upon the board. It was, indeed, worse than this—for the adversary had appropriated to his own use the castles and the queen of the unhappy vanquished one. This Church Reform was the legitimate property of the Liberals, and had not been as yet used by them only because they had felt it right to keep in the background for some future great occasion so great and so valuable a piece of ordnance. It was theirs so safely that they could afford to bide their time. And then—so they all said, and so some of them believed—the country was not ready for so great a measure. It must come; but there must be tenderness in the mode of producing it. The parsons must be respected, and the great Church-of-England feeling of the people must be considered with affectionate regard. Even the most rabid Dissenter would hardly wish to see a structure so nearly divine attacked and destroyed by rude hands. With grave and slow and sober earnestness, with loving touches and soft caressing manipulation, let the beautiful old Church be laid to its rest, as something too exquisite, too lovely, too refined for the present rough manners of the world! Such were the ideas as to Church Reform of the leading Liberals of the day; and now this man, without even a majority to back him, this audacious Cagliostro among statesmen, this destructive leader of all declared Conservatives, had come forward without a moment's warning, and pretended that he would do the thing out of hand! Men knew that it had to be done. The country had begun to perceive that the old Establishment must fall; and, knowing this, would not the liberal backbone of Great Britain perceive the enormity of this Cagliostro's wickedness—and rise against him and bury him beneath its scorn as it ought to do? This was the feeling that made a real Christmas impossible to Messrs. Ratler and Bonteen.

"The one thing incredible to me," said Mr. Ratler, "is that Englishmen should be so mean." He was alluding to the Conservatives who had shown their intention of supporting Mr. Daubeny, and whom he accused of doing so, simply with a view to power and patronage, without any regard to their own consistency or to the welfare of the country. Mr. Ratler probably did not correctly read the minds of the men whom he was accusing, and did not perceive, as he should have done with his experience, how little there was among them of cemented action. To defend the Church was a duty to each of them; but then so also was it a duty to support his party. And each one could see his way to the one duty, whereas the other was vague, and too probably ultimately impossible. If it were proper to throw off the incubus of their conqueror's authority, surely some wise and great and bold man would get up and so declare. Some junto of wise men of the party would settle that he should be deposed. But where were they to look for the wise and bold men? where even for the junto? Of whom did the party consist? Of honest, chivalrous, and enthusiastic men, but mainly of men who were idle, and unable to take upon their own shoulders the responsibility of real work. Their leaders had been selected from the outside—clever, eager, pushing men, but of late had been hardly selected from among themselves. As used to be the case with Italian Powers, they intrusted their cause to mercenary foreign generals, soldiers of fortune, who carried their good swords whither they were wanted; and, as of old, the leaders were ever ready to fight, but would themselves declare what should and what should not be the casus belli. There was not so much meanness as Mr. Ratler supposed in the Conservative ranks, but very much more unhappiness. Would it not be better to go home and live at the family park all the year round, and hunt, and attend Quarter Sessions, and be able to declare morning and evening with a clear conscience that the country was going to the dogs? Such was the mental working of many a Conservative who supported Mr. Daubeny on this occasion.

At the instance of Lady Laura, Phineas called upon the Duke of St. Bungay soon after his return, and was very kindly received by his Grace. In former days, when there were Whigs instead of Liberals, it was almost a rule of political life that all leading Whigs should be uncles, brothers-in-law, or cousins to each other. This was pleasant, and gave great consistency to the party; but the system has now gone out of vogue. There remains of it, however, some traces, so that among the nobler born Liberals of the day there is still a good deal of agreeable family connection. In this way the St. Bungay Fitz-Howards were related to the Mildmays and Standishes, and such a man as Barrington Erle was sure to be cousin to all of them. Lady Laura had thus only sent her friend to a relation of her own, and as the Duke and Phineas had been in the same Government, his Grace was glad enough to receive the returning aspirant. Of course there was something said at first as to the life of the Earl at Dresden. The Duke recollected the occasion of such banishment, and shook his head; and attempted to look unhappy when the wretched condition of Mr. Kennedy was reported to him. But he was essentially a happy man, and shook off the gloom at once when Phineas spoke of politics. "So you are coming back to us, Mr. Finn?"

"They tell me I may perhaps get the seat."

"I am heartily glad, for you were very useful. I remember how Cantrip almost cried when he told me you were going to leave him. He had been rather put upon, I fancy, before."

"There was perhaps something in that, your Grace."

"There will be nothing to return to now beyond barren honors."

"Not for a while."

"Not for a long while," said the Duke—"for a long while, that is, as candidates for office regard time. Mr. Daubeny will be safe for this session at least. I doubt whether he will really attempt to carry his measure this year. He will bring it forward, and after the late division he must get his second reading. He will then break down gracefully in Committee, and declare that the importance of the interests concerned demands further inquiry. It wasn't a thing to be done in one year."

"Why should he do it at all?" asked Phineas.

"That's what every body asks, but the answer seems to be so plain! Because he can do it, and we can't. He will get from our side much support, and we should get none from his."

"There is something to me sickening in their dishonesty," said Phineas, energetically.

"The country has the advantage; and I don't know that they are dishonest. Ought we to come to a dead lock in legislation in order that parties might fight out their battle till one had killed the other?"

"I don't think a man should support a measure which he believes to be destructive."

"He doesn't believe it to be destructive. The belief is theoretic—or not even quite that. It is hardly more than romantic. As long as acres are dear, and he can retain those belonging to him, the country gentleman will never really believe his country to be in danger. It is the same with commerce. As long as the Three per Cents. do not really mean Four per Cent.—I may say as long as they don't mean Five per Cent.—the country will be rich, though every one should swear that it be ruined."

"I'm very glad, at the same time, that I don't call myself a Conservative," said Phineas.

"That shows how disinterested you are, as you certainly would be in office. Good-by. Come and see the Duchess when she comes to town. And if you've nothing better to do, give us a day or two at Longroyston at Easter." Now Longroyston was the Duke's well-known country-seat, at which Whig hospitality had been dispensed with a lavish hand for two centuries.

On the 20th January Phineas traveled down to Tankerville again in obedience to a summons served upon him at the instance of the judge who was to try his petition against Browborough. It was the special and somewhat unusual nature of this petition that the complainants not only sought to oust the sitting member, but also to give the seat to the late unsuccessful candidate. There was to be a scrutiny, by which, if it should be successful, so great a number of votes would be deducted from those polled on behalf of the unfortunate Mr. Browborough as to leave a majority for his opponent, with the additional disagreeable obligation upon him of paying the cost of the transaction by which he would thus lose his seat. Mr. Browborough, no doubt, looked upon the whole thing with the greatest disgust. He thought that a battle when once won should be regarded as over till the occasion should come for another battle. He had spent his money like a gentleman, and hated these mean ways. No one could ever say that he had ever petitioned. That was his way of looking at it. That Shibboleth of his as to the prospects of England and the Church of her people had, no doubt, made the House less agreeable to him during the last short session than usual; but he had stuck to his party, and voted with Mr. Daubeny on the Address—tne obligation for such vote having inconveniently pressed itself upon him before the presentation of the petition had been formally completed. He had always stuck to his party. It was the pride of his life that he had been true and consistent. He also was summoned to Tankerville, and he was forced to go, although he knew that the Shibboleth would be thrown in his teeth.

Mr. Browborough spent two or three very uncomfortable days at Tankerville, whereas Phineas was triumphant. There were worse things in store for poor Mr. Browborough than his repudiated Shibboleth, or even than his lost seat. Mr. Ruddles, acting with wondrous energy, succeeded in knocking off the necessary votes, and succeeded also in proving that these votes were void by reason of gross bribery. He astonished Phineas by the cool effrontery with which he took credit to himself for not having purchased votes in the Fallgate on the Liberal side, but Phineas was too wise to remind him that he himself had hinted at one time that it would be well to lay out a little money in that way. No one at the present moment was more clear than was Ruddles as to the necessity of purity at elections. Not a penny had been misspent by the Finnites. A vote or two from their score was knocked off on grounds which did not touch the candidate or his agents. One man had personated a vote, but this appeared to have been done at the instigation of some very cunning Browborough partisan. Another man had been wrongly described. This, however, amounted to nothing. Phineas Finn was seated for the borough, and the judge declared his purpose of recommending the House of Commons to issue a commission with reference to the expediency of instituting a prosecution. Mr. Browborough left the town in great